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THUSETTES

BY

EUDORUS C. KENNEY.





THUSETTES

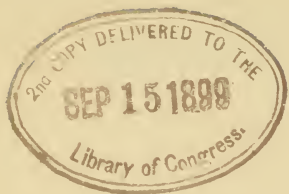
... BY ...

EUDORUS C. KENNEY,

TRUXTON, N. Y., 1899.

No doubt it is a foolish thing
To sit and tease the muse ;
But, if persistent, she may bring
A tiny little thuse.

CORTLAND, N. Y.:
PRESS OF THE CORTLAND DEMOCRAT.
... 1899 ...



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Alexander Beats Them All	86
All Great Men Have Their Apers	81
America Forever!	113
Artist in Color, An	76
Averted	94
Banquet, The	36
Behold the Change!	88
Bessie Explains It	62
Birthday Party, The	57
Black-berrying	130
Black Burial Philosophy	32
Bock	51
Burning of The Blacksmith Shop, The	71
Camera Obscura	95
Catalogical Sidewalk, The	68
Cat, The	108
Celebrating	94
Celestial Fare	82
Children Can Read You, The	13
Children, The	28
Christian Temperance	66
Church Stough, A	82
Circus, The	115
Clergyman's Reverie, The	55
Coach, The	72
Confirmation Car, The	64
Cosset Lamb, The	54
Cuba	133
Cupid Still Hits the Bull's-eye	118
Deo Gratias	87
Different Ways of Saying It	64
Disappointing	93
Diver, The	111
Dot Glass of Beer	21
Double Tragedy, A	92

Durham's Lament, The	88
Egg-nog Plot, The	29
Epitaph	85
Epitaph, An	84
Evidence of Progress	75
Ex-Pres. Harrison, Married April 6th, 1896	83
Fireside Musings	123
Fraud	59
Gobble	25
God of Nature	107
God's Law	27
Gold	75
Good-bye	127
He Always Had a Carriage	86
Hearts	121
Hen Party, The	40
Hero of the Moment, The	86
Her Protector	97
He Told Her	85
Hills, The	1
His First Official Effort	24
"Hit Her Along" for Old Cornell	124
Hocus-pocus	48
If You'd Make a Mortal Love You, Squeeze His Hand	98
I Love to Go Out Barefoot	110
In Memory of Trim	129
It Doth Her Temper Raisle	86
It's All Over Then	87
Jack	65
Jonah	118
Josephine and the Snow	47
June-bugs	71
Just Becoming Evident	89
Laughing Blackeyed Maiden, The	93
Leap-year	82
Lenten Belle, The	49
Love at Sight	88
Love Game, A	63
Luscious Fruit	63

March	99
March Seventeenth	15
Masticatory Bliss	55
McGregory's Ride	103
Melon-colic Times	92
Memories of Youth	121
Mirandy Recounts the Story of Elder Bogus	22
Mirandy Talks About Individual Cups in Communion	12
Modern Marguerite, The	118
Monroe Doctrine, The	86
Mowing Machines	38
My Little Autoharp	101
My Piccolo	37
Nation's Hope, The	84
New Photography, The	88
"News! Last Edition!"	104
Next	86
Normal Prayer, A	39
October	120
Ohio to the Front!	66
Old Bachelor, The	90
Old Church Bell, The	41
Old Fifer, The	126
Old Piano, The	95
Only One Young Man, Who Danced	9
Orthodox Method, An	115
Our Boy	113
Pride of the County Seat, The	18
Proof Positive	103
Question of the Hour, The	77
Quilt, The	107
Ramblings	50
Rector Powell's Experience	83
Reflections	122
Rift in the Cloud, A	41
Rolling	102
Sabbath, The	53
Sancho	13
Senator Peffer on Congressional Funerals	80

Senator Morrill Reports the Free Coinage Amend- ment	87
She Knew	84
Shocking!	67
Silver Fiend, The	73
Sinner's Donation, The	33
Sleigh-ride, The	105
Soapman, The	100
Somewhat Otherwise	90
Song of the Demerit Squad	68
Sounds from the Normal	79
St. Valentine's Day	50
Sugaring Time	16
Sweet Girl Graduate's Letter to Her Friend, The ..	19
Swinging	131
Thanksgiving in Europe, 1895	74
That Reserve	87
They Are Able Because They Seem to Be Able	56
Tioughnioga	6
To Annie, Accepting a Leap Year Proposal	67
To a Young Lady Rapidly Gaining in Avoirdupois ..	85
To My Father	132
Tony and the Voice	4
Torch Angels	70
Tra-la-la	78
Tramp's Choice, The	85
Turn About	107
Two Davids, The	74
Two Songs	31
Two Weeks After	83
Unsuccessful Coup D'etat, An	88
Vacation	23
Valentines, 1896	59
Vesuvian Cruelty	97
Wars and Rumors of Wars	10
Watching	127
Way We Nominate, The	77
Why She Wore Them	66
William Goes a Fishing	44
Wine	103

THE HILLS.

Oh, for a tramp on those grand old hills,
That rise o'er the vale of my birth,
Where the low gurgling rills
And the birds' merry trills
Fill the heart with an ocean of mirth?
They lift up their brows to be kissed by a cloud ;
They stand in their might majestic and proud ;
You climb to the top, your very soul thrills,
With the view from the hills, the hills !

Ah, I have stood on the column Vendome
And gazed o'er the Paris of art ;
I have seen from above
How the wonderful love
Of the beautiful in man's heart
Will force itself out in statues and founts,
Improving, progressing, as upward he mounts,
But, oh, it was naught to that view at home
From the top of the hills, the hills !

Bright rose the sun on a clear Sabbath morn,
When I wandered forth, pensive, alone ;
The people passed by
And seemed to ask why
To the hills my footsteps were prone.
'Twixt narrow church walls their voices they raise
In prayer and thanksgiving, in glad hymns of praise ;
But for me, give me worship, which ever is born
On the crest of the hills, the hills !

Wild is the gorge and winding the way,
That leads from the vale to the west.
In the rock's shady side
Cold water-springs hide,
Trickling out for the villagers' quest.

And some have been caught and their pure currents flow
Adown the brook's side to the village below ;
" May God bless the draught," the good people say,
" That comes from the hills, the hills ! "

Alone and unnoticed, but peaceful and free,
Lives a lover of birds in this dell.
Through his long quiet life,
Free from envy and strife,
He has studied and loved them so well,
Not a note 'scaped his ear, piped by day or by night.
Not a wing has been struck 'gainst the ether in flight,
That his keen searching eye did not see,
As it flew o'er the woods to the hills.

Carefully touching them, case after case,
He showed me his treasures so rare ;
Pretty warblers, whose throats
Warble now no more notes
To trill through the sweet woodland air,
The long legged heron, the robin, the wren,
Swallows, phoebes and hawks, old owls, and then
The cute little humming birds, each in its place,
And more from the woods and the hills.

I bade him good morning and upward I clomb
Till I merged 'neath the firmament clear,
On the round, rolling crest
Where one can feel best
The pulse-beat of freedom most dear,
And there at a farm-house I rested awhile,
And cheered by the house-wife's welcoming smile
Let my eyes o'er the wide-spreading landscapes roam,
O'er the views from the hills, the hills !

Northward I gazed 'long the Labrador fair,
Far up to the lake so wild,
Where the tangle of plants
Gave our Karl such a chance,

And his moments so hap'ly beguiled,
Full oft in a rotten old scow have I rowed,
And cast forth my spoon o'er the pick'rel's abode ;
Oh, the joy, when like lightning he darts from his lair,
With a splash takes it deep in his gills !

Tioughnioga winds down from the east,
Her waves glistening bright in the sun ;
Every riffle and bend,
Every eddy and trend,
In my heart its own corner has won.
Along her curved bank glides a swift railroad train,
Bound south with its cargo of butter and grain,
And the whistle and snort of the great iron beast
Wakes a tardy response from the hills.

Yonder, behold, toward the south, in full view,
The vale of Cheningo leads out !
Its pure crystal brook
Floats many a hook,
Most skillfully cast for its trout.
Many times have I tramped 'long its sinuous shore,
Still hoping for treasures, just one or two more,
Till the sun, low descending in rich scarlet hue,
Disappeared 'neath the brow of the hills.

To the right, in his majesty touching the sky,
Mount Roderick looms up sublime ;
On his fatherly side
Sturdy god-sons abide—
Sons of Solon in this modern time.
And on toward the west old Virgil is seen,
His metaphors ever in mem'ry kept green,
And Homer still further appears to the eye,
Both honored in these noble hills

And there, nestling cosily, peaceful and calm,
The village lies under my feet ;
Now and then I can see
A boy or girl free

Run joyously forth on the street.
Behind those elm trees my fond loving gaze
Lingers long on my home, while I think of the days,
Bright days of my youth, sweet memory's balm,
Happy days 'midst the vales and the hills!

Sorrow, trouble and pain, dread sickness and death,
Glad pleasure and happiness, too,
The travails of birth,
The shoutings of mirth,
All, all are involved in the view.
There anxious hearts worry o'er sins unforgiven,
Search faithfully after the highway to heaven ;
But the soul that is sick and struggling for breath
Should come out on the hills, the hills.

Ah ! why should we stifle the spirit below,
When the clear air of heaven above
Invites us to rise,
To seek the fair skies
Of manhood, of freedom, of love ?
Come up on the hill-tops of life, my friend !
Tear off the shackles, your sinews unbend !
Climb up where your whole noble nature will grow !
Come up on the hills, the hills !

TONY AND THE VOICE.

Listen, while I tell of Tony,
How he heard the voice of God,
And fell down in prayer devoutly
By his trowel and his hod,
All alone upon the housetop,
Face and fingers cold and numb,
Buildd he a noble chimney,
Handsome, true, exactly plumb.
Every corner turned precisely,
Every brick laid squarely on,

Every seam filled in securely,
 Thus the chimney grew anon.
 But the chilly winds of winter
 Whistled through his scanty hair ;
 And poor Tony longed for evening,
 When he would descend from there.
 And he took a mite of brandy,
 Just to brace his spirits up ;
 Not a very big drink took he,
 Only just a little sup.
 Then his spirit grew impatient,
 As the pesky mortar froze ;
 Stronger grew his Irish-English,
 Redder grew his Irish nose.
 And he swore vile execrations,
 Damned that unpropitious date
 When he learned to be a mason,
 Cursed his most unhappy fate.
 Now it happened that the chimney
 Led down to the parson's room,
 Where he sat inditing sermons
 In his loneliness and gloom.
 Cutting short his dissertation
 On the power of Aaron's rod,
 Straight he shouted up the chimney :
 "Stop that blasphemy of God !"
 Down went Tony on his elbows :
 "Lord, forgive !" he humbly prayed,
 While he thought of Saul of Tarsus
 And the ass which Hebrew brayed.
 "O, my God !" he pleaded wildly,
 " If this ounce you'll let me off
 Never more will I be grumbling"—
 Then he heard the parson cough.
 "Faith !" says he, "has God consumption?
 By me soul, I am a fool !
 It was only that blamed preacher—
 Wall—be gor—'tis somewhat cool !"

TIOUGHNIOGA.

Have you heard of the legend of Tioughnioga,
Altahalah, Conduca and noble Kenotah?
Did'st know that the river which gracefully winds
A-down through our wheat-fields, our corn and our clover,
Where the ripe yellow sheaf, the farmer boy binds,
And feels thankful to God, when the hot day is over,
Is wrapped round with story of brave deeds well done,
In the days of the red-man, when a bow was the gun?

Old Conduca, scarred and worn,
Could no longer lead the braves
'Gainst the threat'ning Mingoe storm,
Gath'ring northward by the waves.
So he called Kenotah to him;
Through and through the old chief knew him
For he loved his younger daughter,
Altahalah pure as water:
"When the crimson moon went down,
Colored with Lenape gore
Borne from off the battle ground
I was, weary, wounded, sore.
A few moons more, this branchless tree
Will have fallen to the earth;
You must keep our people free,
Be true, Kenotah, to your birth."
The dark eyes of Kenotah flashed,
And his tall and manly form
Stood erect, as through him dashed
Streams of Indian blood and warm.

Then he gathered all the warriors
And he stirred them with his fervor
And they made him leader o'er them
To protect their long loved valley.

The sun has reached its zenith near,
The trees with dark green foliage wave,
O'er the hill the antlered deer

Is bounding, while he eyes the brave
Three painted Mingoës from the north
At Conduca's wigwam stand ;
Their faces rough and scarred and swarth
Lenape cabins they demand.

Altahalah like a fawn
Bounds away to her Kenotah,
Ere the warriors know she's gone,
Both appear before the Mingoës.

“Talk not to me of blood,” he said, “it's my delight ;
I was never born, but from a stump,
Shivered by a thunderbolt,
Came I forth.”

They quail, and with low murmers slink away.
That night a fearful storm was brewing,
And midst the thunder's roll

Altahalah heard the warwhoop
Of the northmen coming southward ;
How her timid being trembled !
How she shuddered at the danger !
How she watched the brave Lenapes,
As they struggled with the Mingoës !
How she thanked the Great Good Spirit,
When she saw Kenotah drive them !
Oh ! What anguish when her father,
Old Conduca, scarred and honored,
Bit the dust pierced by an arrow !
‘ I'll protect thee,’ said Kenotah ;
‘Calm thyself ; thy father's hunting
Where the Mingoë does not threaten,
Where the warwhoop never worries.’
Slyly stealing like a wild-cat
Crept a dark athletic savage,
Altahalah seized, and running.
'Scaped the eye of brave Kenotah.
Many moons he followed watching
For a sight of his own promised,

Through the tangle neath the branches,
Looking, straining, longing ever ;
Who can think that painted savage
Is all wild and rough and barb'rous ?

* * * * *

Deserted is Tioughnioga ;
All the red men have gone southward ;
Yet Kenotah wanders lonely ;
Altahalah still he seeks for.
See yon dusky maid reclining
On the bank of her own river ;
Long dark braids of hair are hanging
Over her uncovered shoulders ;
Eyes as black as raven's plumage,
Form developed true to nature,
Still she chants her fav'rite love-song,
Longing, hoping for Kenotah.
Now she hears the dip of paddle,
Sees the splashing, dripping water,
Sees that old familiar white plume ;
It is, it is her dear Kenotah !

Quicker now the boatman's motion,
Bends his lithe and graceful figure,
Swell and shrink his rounded muscles ;
How the light boat skims the water !
Ere he reaches near the maiden,
They exchange those well known signals,
Waving hands and shouting voices ;
While the heart-beat flutters, quickens.
Now at last their eyes are drinking
Draughts of love from out each other,
Then she leaps upon his bosom
There infolded dreams of Heaven.

* * * * *

Strange these legends, how they mingle
Fact and fancy all together
On the border-land of spirit,

Overlapping soul and matter !
In some hidden mystic manner
These two lovers there embracing
Are the branches of the river ;
He the East Branch, she the West Branch,
Joined in wedlock near Port Watson.

Flowing on united ever,
Down the winding beauteous valley
Midst the waters of Chenango,
They together seek the ocean.

* * * * *

Now we hook the artful pick'rel,
Build our bridges made of iron,
Watch the thund'ring locomotive
Move its long and heavy coal-train ;
And we never stop to think of
All the changes moving onward,
Of the wondrous evolution.

ONLY ONE YOUNG MAN WHO DANCED.

There were sixteen gay young maidens
Went a coaching one fine day—
Went a coaching to Glen Haven,
Went for pleasure, as they say.
But, alas, for these fair maidens !
By a cruel fate it chanced,
That with all those sixteen lassies
Went but one young man who danced.
Only one, girls !
Think of that, girls !
Only one young man who danced !

It was hot ; he perspired freely ;
His was not a nature false ;
Midst those anxious, waiting maidens,
Aching for one little waltz,

He distributed his favors,
And their pleasure much enhanced.
But, just think ! 'mongst sixteen maidens,
Only one young man who danced !
Only one, girls !
Think of that, girls !
Only one young man who danced !

Worst of all, we'd hardly settled
In our cottage on the slope,
When he blasted all our prospects,
Darkened every ray of hope,
By announcing most politely,
As the evening shades advanced,
He must go home next morning,
That dear young man who danced.
Must go home, girls !
Think of that, girls !
That dear young man who danced !

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

January, 1896.

Hark, from Cuba's tropic strand
Come the groans of men in chains,
Struggling 'gainst Hispania's hand,
Hand besmeared with bloody stains !
Hand that held the Lowlands down,
Sent the Duke of Alva there,
Till the sea o'er Leyden town
Rushed in answer to its prayer.
Revolution's desp'rate throes
Rack the isle of Cuba now ;
Forth to die the hero goes,
Patriot sweat upon his brow.
See in Spain the soldier boys
Leaving home for Indies' shore ;

Masses, altars, martial joys,
 Decorations, cannons' roar,
 Sobs and weeping midst the cheers,
 Mothers weeping for their sons ;
 Wasting fever more she fears,
 Than the dreaded rebel guns.
 In the east the Moslem sword
 Dips its edge in Christian gore ;
 Islam's prophet, still adored,
 Stands defiant there once more.
 Poor Armenia crushed between
 Russia's growth and England's greed,
 Awful forces, deep, unseen !
 Wrings her hands in direst need.
 Jameson and his reckless band
 O'er Transvaal their foray drive ;
 Firm the Boers for freedom stand ;
 Not a man goes back alive.
 Europe waits, armed capapie,
 Ear alert for war's dread blast ;
 E'en Columbia loved and free
 Nails her banner to the mast.
 Why should men forever fight ?
 Make the world one dreadful bier ?
 Always struggling for the right,
 Both sides equally sincere ?
 'Tis the awful law of life ;
 From these devastating storms,
 From this endless bloody strife,
 See emerge the higher forms !
 Man must rise by killing those
 Who are weaker than the rest ;
 Thus our brothers are our foes ;
 Thus are left the fittest, best.
 Hard, unsympathetic law !
 Hopeless, dumb, unwilling, tossed
 In thy tooth-bespeckled maw
 All humanity is lost !

Such is war. Oh, haste the day,
When mankind shall make advance
Past the law that holds its sway
Over animals and plants!
When sweet Peace o'er all the earth,
Blessed angel from above,
Shall pour down her flood of mirth,
Ushering in the reign of love

MIRANDY TALKS ABOUT INDIVIDUAL CUPS IN COMMUNION.

Say, John, I've jest been a readin'
How the folks in the city is a thinkin'
'Bout ketchin' consumption an' sich like
When out a one cup they're a drinkin'.
But the day is away, and mighty far off,
And the sun haint never yet ris'n,
When I aint a coverin' with my mouth
The spot where my John's put his'n.
They're talkin' 'bout millions of microbes
Bein' passed from puss'n to puss'n;
I never seen any; hev' you, John?
'Pears to me it's nothin' but fuss'n.
They say that the men an' the wimmens,
When their souls they go about savin',
Have a cup with their name writ upon it,
Jest the same as they do when they're shavin'.
I've heard that they've got up a ciphon
What you put in the wine and duck it;
There's a valve, which keeps it from spillin'
When ye take it in your mouth an' suck it.
Why, them fine old solid silver goblers,
What we bought with our sociable money,
Not to see Deacon Webster pass um to us,
Well, 'twould make me feel awful funny!

No ; I'm dead agin' such alterashuns,
I don't want no fiddler a tunin',
Nor none er yer barbershop fixin's
When me and my John goes communin'.

THE CHILDREN CAN READ YOU.

Oh, happy the man whom little girls love !
The man with such a transparent soul,
That children unconsciously feel themselves move
To his side, as if drawn by a magnetic pole.
How they scamper and shout and jump on his knee !
Throw their arms round his neck and hug him so
tight !
Muss up his hair in jolly high glee,
And make him appear like a "horrid old fright !"
The heart of a child is a delicate test
Of feelings and thoughts that deepest do lie ;
Responding at once to the purest and best,
And chilled by the false ; they cannot tell why.
Like a damp chilling blast from an iceberg's side,
Is the glance of a hypocrite on a child's soul ;
Like a sunbeam, which angels to mortals would guide,
The smile of an honest man reaches its goal.
Then cease masquerading ! be open and free !
Speak out what you think and act what you preach !
Though modest, indeed, your pretensions may be,
The throne of the soul you surely will reach.

SANCHO.

Allow me, please, to introduce our Sancho.
He is our dog, a cocker spaniel,
Of aristocratic family.
Stand up, sir !
Shake hands, sir !
Very well, sir !
You see, he has the instincts of a nabob.

His name is after that of Sancho Panza—
You've heard of him—Cervantes' hero,
The squire of Don Quixote.

Come here, sir!

Speak up, sir!

Correct, sir!

You see, he is quite fond of conversation.

Just gaze into his face, be sure to notice
That keen, bright eye and look of kindness,
Intelligent and pleasant.

Now laugh, sir!

Ah, ha, sir!

That's good, sir!

You see, he seems in ev'rything so human.

Now feast your eyes upon his coat a moment.

Oh, how it shines! So black and glossy!

It's my delight to comb it.

Lie down, sir!

Turn 'round, sir!

Hold still, sir!

You see, he takes great pride in his own toilet.

Next let me show you how he jumps superbly.

Right through my arms, held in a circle!

I hold them high before him.

Come through, sir!

Now back, sir!

Once more, sir!

You see, he seems to enjoy th' exhilaration.

Well, yes; he sometimes condescends to

Be a murderer. Bring out the rat-trap,

Wherein are half a dozen.

Hold on, sir!

Just wait, sir!

Now then, sir!

You see, he shakes them into stringy fragments.

But sometimes he goes after bigger victims ;
 He steals away and trees a woodchuck ;
 He's very fond of burrowing.
 There, there, sir !
 Come out, sir !
 He's safe, sir !
 You see, he'll dig all day in search of ground-hogs.
 Oh, he's a dandy chap when he goes courting,
 With tail erect and in vibration !
 Oh my ! he's so excited !
 Come home, sir !
 Calm down, sir !
 Don't sulk, sir !
 You see, it irritates his nervous system.
 Yes, yes ; we think a great deal of our Sancho ;
 He is so bright and interesting !
 We could not live without him !
 Good boy, sir !
 That's all, sir !
 Lie down, sir !
 You see, how quickly then he caught the meaning.

MARCH SEVENTEENTH.

Saint Patrick was the man,
 Who formed the worthy plan,
 Which grateful ev'ry Irish bosom makes ;
 No less a work was his,
 Than to bring eternal bliss
 To Ireland, by expelling all her snakes.
 Since Eve in Eden's bower
 Did dally with the power
 Of a reptile wriggling slyly through the grass,
 Whene'er a woman looks
 At vines or other crooks,
 A serpent seems before her eyes to pass.

A snake inside the house
Is worse than e'en a mouse ;
How the women scream and hop upon a chair !
Now doubtless this will cease,
And there'll come a reign of peace,
When they all the gay and festive bloomers wear.

But worse than in the grass,
Or in the house, alas !
Is the snake that coils its fiery body red
Around man's inmost soul,
When at the flowing bowl
He sits, until "he's got um in the head."

Where is the noble saint,
Who'll listen to our plaint,
And banish these forever from the land?
Renowned shall be his name !
In everlasting fame
Beside Saint Patrick's shall it honored stand !

SUGARING TIME.

The crows are cawing in the woods,
And milder blows the April breeze ;
The farmer views the passing clouds,
And says : "'Tis time to tap the trees."
"Bring out the buckets now, my lads,
And pile them on the old bob-sleigh ;
We'll scatter them this morning, boys,
And tap the bush another day."
The horses wade through snow and mud,
As patiently a road they break,
Amidst majestic maples tall,
While 'long their sides the briars rake.
To-morrow early see the youth
With spouts and nails and bit in hand,
And rubber boots, drawn to the knee,
Before each towering monarch stand.

He eyes the root, and then above
 The sturdy branches reaching out,
 And forms a judgment, where 'tis best
 To drive the little iron spout.
 Then round and round his hand doth whirl,
 And bends his body toward the tree,
 While curling chips fall gently down,
 And forth the life-blood oozes free.
 He pounds the hollow spigots in,
 And hangs a bucket bright below,
 Then listening to the dripping tune,
 Wades slowly on through deep, wet snow.
 Next morn the pails are brimming full;
 "It's time to gather, lads, aho!
 Haul out the sled! chain on the tub!
 We'll off among the maples go!"
 Canst hear the deep, resounding tone,
 As o'er projecting roots it churns?
 On th' outward trip it sinks away,
 But swells again, as it returns.
 Now foamy white the current glides
 Along its winding liquid way
 Into the old plank sugar-house;
 The horses paw the ground and neigh.
 Stir up the fire! pile on the wood!
 Fill all the air with fragrant steam!
 Swing gracefully the shining axe!
 Throw blankets o'er the sweating team!
 Bring out the luncheon! oh, how fast
 The ham and eggs now disappear!
 Full well the farmer's daughter knows
 The art to cook, the art to cheer!
 At last the syrup in the pan
 Grows scanty, and with anxious turn
 We stir, and quickly quench the fire,
 Lest here and there our treasure burn.
 The lusty housewife now assumes
 Control, and at the kitchen fire

She "sugars off" the "batch," and moulds
It into cakes, which all admire.
Run out, my boy, bring pans of snow
Heaped high with rounded, dome-like backs ;
On this we'll pour the syrup thick
In snakelets of delicious wax.
You girls may stir with iron spoons
The sugar warm ; be quick ! make haste !
When white and granular it turns,
'Tis most delightful to the taste !
Oh, joyous, happy April days !
How tempting to the poet's rhyme !
There is no season of the year
More jolly than our sugaring time !
The sap runs fast, fills all the tubs,
When nights are cold and days are bright ;
And then the boys and girls will go
Into the woods and boil all night.
What fun, when by the crackling fire
The well-worn cards are dealt around,
And bubbling cider cheers the soul,
While whines outside the storm-fiend's hound !
And many the hearts, that feel the sway
Of love grow strong toward the dawn of day ;
And many a pair, so people say,
Agree to wed in the coming May.

THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTY SEAT.

Hobbly cobbly, rumpy rump,
Over the stones you go bumpy bump ;
This is the pride of the county seat,
The cobblestone pavement on its Main street.
Down the autumn hued valley you ride,
Watching the gracefully winding stream,
Buoyant your heart swells high with pride
Over the speed of your fine blood team.
Then hobbly cobbly, rumpy rump,
Over the stones you go bumbyty bump ;

You've reached the pride of the county seat,
 The cobblestone pavement on its Main Street.
 Noiselessly gliding, a spirit on wheels,
 The bicyclist spins along over the way,
 Swiftly beneath him the smooth surface reels,
 Happy his soul; all nature is gay.
 Then hobblety cobblety, rumpyty rump
 Over the stones he goes bumpyty bump;
 He's struck the pride of the county seat,
 The cobblestone pavement on its Main street.
 The good honest farmer comes trustingly down,
 His hayrack piled high with timothy sweet;
 His journey is smooth till he gets into town,
 And then he tips over on its Main street.
 Hobblety cobblety, rumpyty rump,
 Over the stones he goes bumpyty bump;
 He's found the pride of the county seat,
 The cobblestone pavement on its Main street.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE'S LETTER TO HER FRIEND.

My dear Grace: At last I'm an S. G. G.,
 Commencement is over, and school life for me;
 Yet a few last words, a few parting shakes
 And then the boys leave; ah, my little heart breaks!
 As I promised you, now I will sit down and write
 All about graduation; my head is turned quite
 By flattering remarks, billetsdoux and bright flowers
 Sent in from rich uncles and *evergreen bowers*.
 First the dress; I send sample, 'tis of lily-white stuff,
 Transparent (you know why), just a little bit rough;
 Oh, it looks soft and downy, 'twould tempt a gay lad
 To put his arm round—'tis too bad, too bad,
 That my mind should thus wander from studies and
 books
 To thoughts about fellows, flirtations and crooks

Of the brachial limb about my slim waist!
 But now, to resume, to subjects more chaste
 Let my fluttering brain come back. Oh—the dress!
 On the left side a panel joins a fanlike tress
 Of the goods, trimmed with braid a delicate cream,
 The holes filled with spider webs; thus it did seem
 That an ugly arachnidan, wandering down,
 Had spun his silk filament over my gown.
 There was science in that; I wanted to show
 What Natural Hist'ry I might chance to know.
 Long, graceful drapery hangs cross the front,
 Coming up 'neath the sash as if it would hunt
 For the place where *his* hand, softly stealing around—
 Hold on! I'm digressing, to wander I'm bound!
 Quite plain hangs the back; a cream surah sash
 More than six yards long (that took the cash),
 With nice knotted fringe, and two feet wide,
 Goes down the back; 'twas fit for a bride!
 The waist is plain too with a fish-tail back;
 It is square in the neck and does not lack
 An outline of braid—the sleeves, indeed,
 By an ornament neat are from stiffness freed;
 The neck is filled in with fine silk tulle;
 Long, cream kid-gloves according to rule;
 A fan, hand-painted in butter-cups, sweet
 Daisies, butterfly and bee. It was just complete.
 Ere my paper gives out I must hasten to tell
 Of the oceans of flowers which were piled pell-mell
 All over the carriage as we drove back home,
Implere sufficit quantum Washington Dome!
 There were roses la France and roses le Jack,
 Water-lilies, verbenas, and cut flowers a stack,
 Heliotrope, mignonette, and, what do you think,
 Carnations and mermets, a design in pink—
 Just too lovely! Oh dear! 'twas a sweet basket tied
 With a pink satin bow; I actually cried
 With delight, when a neat little note I espied
 In *his* big round hand, trying in there to hide.

Yes, I *did* read an essay ; I almost forgot
 To mention that trifle ; 'tis the one sad blot
 On the whole operation of turning a girl
 From the quiet of school into life's busy whirl.
 But I could not forget, if I would, that rush
 Which at the reception my new rig did crush
 Till my poor soul ached as by lover bereft ;
 It's a wonder to me I had any dress left.
 To-night as alumna I'll cast my first vote,
 And then at the banquet my stomach I'll coat
 With a lining of coffee and cake ; but I own
 That mamma goes with me as my chaperone,
 'Cause *he* couldn't stay to all these affairs
 Which make a girl wise ; and so business cares
 Seem already to call him away from my side
 Before I've quite got him ; I really can't hide
 My sorrow at this, but perhaps I'll find
 The cold, heartless world a little unkind,
 Though I hope it's not common to much underrate
 The worth (or the cost) of a sweet graduate.
 P. S. Since I wrote the above, I've been ill ;
 The nervous excitement, I thought it would kill
 Poor me ; I was out of my head, and then
 I was glad I shall never go through it again.

DOT GLASS OF BEER.

Ach, Gretchen, vat you dink's so goot
 As dot fine glass ov peer ?
 It makes me glad vom head to foot,
 Come, bring der pretzel here !
 Mein Gott, yust see der loafly foam !
 Away mit care und frown !
 Gesundheit, frau, und kind, und home !
 Ach, Gretchen, drink her down !
 Der cares und troubles make me sad,
 Wir work hart all der year ;

Es wolte sein Almighty bad
 Of we could get no peer!
 Wir haben wenig gelt to spend,
 Our house is awful klein;
 We've kids genug und some to lend,
 Der kleide ain't so fine,
 But sie sind strong und lusty, though;
 Ach, how I loaf to see
 Dem eat black brot, und, gracious, oh!
 Trink peer like you und me!
 Der say dot peeples over here,
 In dees gross landt und free,
 Der want to take away your peer,
 Und make us all drink tea.
 Great Gott, mine Gretchen, dink of dot!
 How you und me would look
 A settin' round ein old tea-pot
 Und readin mit ein book!
 Ach, Gott in Himmel, must der day
 In dees landt nicht appear,
 Ven I soll to mein Gretchen say:
 "Wir can nicht drink no peer!"

MIRANDY RECOUNTS THE STORY OF ELDER BOGUS.

Say John, last night, as you was snorin',
 And the wind round the chimby was a roarin'
 I couldn't sleep a wink, not a minit!
 My head, there was somethin' buzzin' in it!
 I lay on my back and kep' a thinkin',
 'Bout when Elder Bogus was a drinkin',
 And all the while jes the same a teachin'
 And right agin it awful strong a preachin'.
 Why, he was 'bout the smartest man a livin'!
 It seemed like the Lord to him was givin'
 A tongue full of lightnin' and of thunder;
 'Twas the eloquentest ever I sot under!

He jes made us wimmens all to love 'im ;
 God's grace seemed to shine bright above 'im,
 He got all the sinners in to meetin'
 And we thought we the devil was a beatin'.
 Then, jest as the Christians was in clover,
 He had to go and kick it all over
 With that keg of beer, he was hidin'
 In his wagin neath the seat there a ridin'.
 The express-man to Cortland was a sayin',
 How the Elder him a bill was a payin'
 On beer to his house he was takin',
 And fools of us all was a makin'.
 Elder Bogus he resigned in a twinkle,
 And round his shinin' eye a laffin' wrinkle
 Grew plainer than before I ever see it ;
 The reason I don't know, whatever be it.
 In his farewell sermon he explained it ;
 How the miserable keg, which contained it,
 Was sent 'im by a friend, to be drunken
 By his wife, who with asthma low was sunken.
 Now she was a curus sort a creatur ;
 It allus made me sick-like to meet'er.
 She was Irish, and she allus tried to kiss ye ;
 Her mouth was awful big and couldn't miss ye ;
 We wimmins mighty bad was a feelin',
 And before the good Lord was a kneelin';
 But the sinners to the Elder was a quaffin'.
 And in wickedness at us was a laffin'.
 As for me, I can't understand it,
 Why the good of God's cause does demand it,
 That sich men should go round a preachin',
 And arter our affections be a reachin'.

VACATION.

In the soft sweet month of June,
 When the year of toil is o'er ;
 All the world seems in attune
 As I hie me home once more.

Oh, the joy that fills my heart,
As I gaze on hill and dell !
Of my soul they seem a part ;
Joy, oh joy ! words cannot tell !
When I grasp that loving hand,
Gaze into those eyes of blue,
In my home once more I stand,
Ah, 'tis hard to think it true !
Down the winding river side
Wend I with my fishing rod,
While my thoughts away do glide,
Rising up to nature's God.
Lightly in their thoughtless course
Speed the happy summer days,
Guided by relentless force
On toward autumn's smoky haze
Then, when frost and sun do paint
All the land in gorgeous hues,
Back with homesick soul and faint,
Back to bricks and narrow views !
Thus through life the fates employ
Alternating mirth and pain
Make our hearts leap high with joy,
Then plunge us in the depths again.
Till at last the strife is o'er,
When in peace we hope, at best,
On some distant mythic shore
To enjoy eternal rest.

HIS FIRST OFFICIAL EFFORT.

Poet Austin, laureate,
By Victoria paid,
Did a few bad lines create
On Doctor Jameson's raid.
The world, in wonder, why on him
Laureateship was placed,
Read his ode on "Doctor Jim,"
Read in anxious haste.

Austin was a name unknown
 'Mongst the birds that sing,
 Till Victoria on the throne
 Took him 'neath her wing.
 Whether the poetic muse
 Nestles 'neath his locks,
 Matters little 'gainst the news
 That he's orthodox.
 Shade of Alfred, canst thou hear
 In thy silent grave?
 Pack the gravel in thine ear!
 Save thy nerves, oh, save!
 Try again, sweet laureate!
 Choose a better theme;
 Sing Britannia's world estate—
 Sing Victoria's dream!
 Sing of Grover's little twist
 At the lion's tail;
 In thy poem give the gist
 Of Armenia's wail.
 Sing of Russia, hovering o'er
 China's troubled court,
 Pushing also toward the door
 Guarded by the Porte.
 But remember, when you sing,
 You're no rhymester now;
 Give us something that shall bring,
 Garlands to thy brow.

GOBBLE.

A Thanksgiving Idyl.

As I stood gazing o'er the fence,
 That doth inclose our poultry yard,
 A turkey fat, with tail immense,
 Said, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

“I will,” says I, “my noble turk ;
Next Thursday is the day proclaimed,
When all good Christians cease their work
And gobble, gobble, gobble !”

“I’ll just step out, when you’re asleep,
And dreaming of your pretty wives,
And you, engrossed in slumbers deep,
I’ll gobble, gobble, gobble.”

This is the day when preachers bold
Let loose their long-collected spleen ;
Of politics they rant and scold ;
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

The women gather round the door
Before the speech, and after, too,
Into each other’s ears they pour
Their gobble, gobble, gobble.

The pharisees sit in the pew
And thank the Lord in studied phrase,
That they are blessed each year anew ;
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

They raise a hollow, heartless prayer
For fellow man, whom they crowd down,
But, ah ! his scanty pittance bare
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

Filled from a rich abundant store,
Their tables groan with cake and wine,
And roasted birds that nevermore
Will gobble, gobble, gobble.

The boys, with aching stomachs grim,
Scarce wait until their plates are filled ;
And then, great heavens ! with what vim
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

Ah, friend, this world is all a game,
Where ev'ry man dives reckless in ;
Or Jew or Christian be his name,
It's gobble, gobble, gobble.

The bank cashier looks calmly on
The stream of gold that daily flows
Beneath his fingers, and anon
He'll gobble, gobble, gobble.

The mayors and assemblymen,
Perchance selected from the church,
Show they are simply sinners, when
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

And then, at Washington, alas !
The grave and reverend senators,
When tariff bills before them pass,
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

All round the earth with eager glance
The nations watch each port or isle,
And every time there is a chance
They gobble, gobble, gobble.

But never mind ; Old Time's around,
With scythe of truest tempered steel,
Upon the wheel of ages ground ;
He'll gobble, gobble, gobble

Us all at last, including those,
Who gobblers in this world have been ;
He'll bring all gobbling to a close ;
He'll gobble, gobble, gobble.

GOD'S LAW.

What is the Law of God ?
It is the Law of Nature ;
The inevitable sequence
Of cause and effect ;
This is the Law of God.

What is the Law of God?
The conservation of energy;
In all its entirety
It always was;
This is the Law of God.

What is the Law of God?
Thine acts shall bring their penalty;
Whate'er ye sow,
That shall ye reap;
This is the Law of God.

What is the Law of God?
Wouldst thou escape its sentence?
Wouldst pile thy sins
On a spotless soul?
'Tis not the Law of God.

Almighty the Law of God!
Strive not to elude its action.
Oh, infinite justice!
Most welcome thy stroke!
All hail the Law of God!

THE CHILDREN.

Oh, we'll sing a song about the children!
Little children—bright-eyed children!
How they fill our hearts with joy forever!
How they laugh and dance and skip about in glee
When the world seems all dark and dreary!
And no sunshine pierces through the cloud,
When with sorrow our hearts are weary,
And bent low our spirits proud,
Then we'll sing a song about the children!
Little children—bright-eyed children!
How they fill our hearts with joy forever!
How they laugh and dance and skip about in glee

Oh a home, where there are no children,
Is a dry and sandy desert drear,
To the lone heart comes naught but sadness,
When their voices are not near—
Oh, we'll sing a song about the children !
Little children—bright-eyed children !
How they fill our hearts with joy forever !
How they laugh and dance and skip about in glee !

I am sure, that way up in heaven,
Dancing, long that shining golden street,
Will be seen crowds of sweetest children,
Laughing out their joy complete !
Oh, we'll sing a song about the children !
Little children—bright-eyed children !
How they fill our hearts with joy forever !
How they laugh and dance and skip about in glee !

THE EGG-NOG PLOT.

Jack's little mother is a strong prohibitionist,
True to the cause ; and holds that her mission is
To convert all the world to her view.
But her obstinate old man
And her mulish foster son
Do everything they can,
Torment and poke their fun,
And counteract whatever she may do.

Hot was the weather and dry his œsophagus,
Dull was his spirit, as if a sarcophagus
Was behind everything that he saw.
So he mentioned then to Jane
That a glass of good egg-nog
Would ease him of his pain,
And would make the evening jog ;
She thought his judgment sound, without a flaw.

But it was harder to plan how to manage it,
'Scape all danger, suspicion, to banish it,
Than to drink every drop when 'twas made.
Now, they had two dozen eggs,
And a good strong barrel full
Of apple juice—no dregs—
In the cellar, very cool,
Which his father for rheumatics there had laid.

Down went his mother for lemons. She would take of
them
Some half a dozen, and quickly she would make of them
Lemonade; "'Twould not intoxicate."
Just then he shouted out,
"Let me make it, mother dear,"
And she quickly turned about
And left the channel clear
For a fiendish concoction incarnate.

Then energetically well did he shake it up,
And when 'twas finished straight did he take it up;
Three of cider and two of lemonade.
His father, self, and Jane
Took the triplet, and the pair
Went, as the plan was laid,
To the mammas, and their share
Was pronounced deliciously well made.

Now, in appearance there was no real difference;
But for the wicked there is no deliverance;
For the mother asked her daughter for a taste,
And said "'tis wintergreen."
Then Jack's mother made a rush,
Tasted too—the plot was seen,
And the mourning did not hush
Till more than half the night had run to waste.

TWO SONGS.

In a nice cosy home lived a sweet little girl ;
She was happy and light of heart ;
Never daughter of duke, of courtier or earl
With all her jewels and art,
Could look half so pretty as that little maid,
While she danced and sung all day ;
Her cheeks now so rosy surely never could fade,
And her step was as light as a fay.
Each morning she cared for her own dainty bird
Whose voice more rapturous would soar
With triplets and trills than ever was heard
From the best prima-donna to pour.
Now Bessie kept wond'ring why birds would sing
More gaily than usual each *spring* ;
For hours without ceasing those clear notes would ring,
While it fluttered and poised in its swing.
But one day came another bright song from the trees,
Yes, richer, far sweeter than this ;
And ah ! as the music was borne on the breeze,
Her bird seemed delirious in bliss.
She turned her sleek head now this way, now that,
And sang out so loud and clear,
That the stranger came closer and closer and sat
On a branch of a tree quite near.
Next morn Bessie found that her birdie had flown,
And she searched all day midst the leaves,
Wand'ring out in the forest in sadness alone ;
How sincerely a little child grieves !
Oft she stood still and listened to hear one note ;
"Oh, why did it go ?" she said,
And a big round lump came up in her throat,
As she thought, "perhaps it is dead "
Summer days passed by and November came
With its frosts and winds and snow ;
She opened her window one morning the same
As she had done months ago ;

And there by the cage, all stiff and cold,
Her birdie lay nearly dead ;
Its beauty was gone, it could hardly hold
Up its weak little helpless head.
Bessie opened the cage, put it back in its home,
And fed it with care as before ;
Though it never was tempted the wild-wood to roam,
It sang not so blithe as of yore
The years rolled on and Bessie grew up,
A beautiful, lovely girl ;
With joy and mirth brim full was her cup,
And as pure as the purest pearl.
O e day, however, she too heard a song
From without, most strangely sweet ;
It seemed to her then not a cadence was wrong ;
Oh, it was most divinely complete !
She followed it, charmed, till the way she had lost,
And back to her home could not fly ;
And then came the blight, betrayal's sharp frost !
Oh, how bitter its sting, by and by !
Mid sad hours of sorrow, that eternal sigh
Of the bitter repenting day,
How often she pondered, "I think I know why
My birdie from me flew away !"

BLACK BURIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mrs Ryan came to our house,
Bringing berries, big blackberries,
Oh, so ripe and sweet and juicy,
Better far than classic cherries.
Grace was lying on the sofa
When the old fat woman brought them.
In her mouth I dropped the big ones ;
On her tongue she deftly caught them.
One by one they tumbled in there,
Past the "cupid bow" of lip curve,
Just above her dimpled chin there ;
Oh, what skill and grace and calm nerve !

Then the Irish woman spoke up :
"Sure, an' is that your foin lady,
From her mornin' dreams just woke up,
Dreams of rambles cool and shady ?
Howly Mary, she's a noice one !
Oft I've wished that I war pretty !
My ould man will be roight happy
When I'm safe in Zion's city."
Thus it is in life's strange phases,
Very tender every feeling
While the tint of beauty lingers,
All the charm of youth revealing,
But when wrinkled, old and ugly,
We do taste the fate of mortals,
Happy friends will see us snugly
Tucked away in Heaven's portals.

THE SINNERS' DONATION.

'Twas long ago, but ne'ertheless
The scenes did make such deep impress,
That even now I seem to see
Those forms of old surrounding me.
Good Elder Grimes, of English birth,
Found in this world but little mirth ;
His spirit was with sorrow racked,
And intellect a trifle cracked.
For thirteen children had been born
His humble table to adorn ;
But cruel fate had made him see
Them pass away, all, all, but three !
When in the sacred desk he stood
To serve his flock with creamy food,
The sportive "h" he would misplace,
'Twas hard, indeed, to keep one's face.
He'd weep and moan and wring his hands,
And twixt his sentences the "ands"

Stood forth so strong and prominent,
 They e'en eclipsed the main intent.
 At last the saintly brothers wise
 Gazed sadly in each other's eyes,
 And with a palsied shake of head
 The final heartless sentence said :
 "He must resign. it will not do
 To give the laugh to Satan's crew ;
 Though oft we yield to his vile rule,
 We cannot bear their ridicule."
 So Brother Grimes was soon cast out
 Into the cold, to look about
 For other pastures rich and green,
 Where lambs for him might still be seen.
 But times were hard ; he could not find
 A people pure of simple mind,
 Whose thought no higher plane could reach
 Than he was able then to preach.
 So in the parsonage he staid,
 Till all his salary was paid
 For bread to eat and clothes to wear.
 The sinners now began to swear :
 "It is a shame ! a dam-ned shame !
 An insult to the Savior's name !
 That people, who compose His church
 Should leave their pastor in the lurch !
 "We'll take the case ourselves in hand
 We'll show this small contracted band
 Of souls, the difference between
 A generous act and being mean."
 Then straightway they did print a card,
 Which on the hearts of Christians jarred
 For none but sinners' names were there,
 Who never bowed the head in prayer.
 Be sure it was a goodly list ;
 Upon this point I do insist ;
 Among those men were many who
 Have lived a noble life and true.

Upon the card were certain wags—
 And here I fear my mem'ry lags ;
 Perhaps, if clearer, it might light
 Upon a name not quite so bright.
 This choice committee did invite
 All sinners on a certain night
 To gather at the old hotel
 And let their cash the story tell.
 To none the invitation went,
 Whose soul to piety was bent ;
 Not e'en the man with pious wife,
 Though he himself were sinner rife.
 Now list the merry sound of bells !
 From off the hills, down through the dells
 The boys and girls are coming. Oh,
 What joy, a sleighing o'er the snow !
 And now upon the ball-room floor
 They kiss each other o'er and o'er,
 And play those games, "The Needle's Eye,"
 And "Snap and Ketchum," my, oh my !
 Then doth each laddie take his lass
 And down the stairs in couples pass
 Where groaning tables tempt the eye
 And rings the merry laughter high.
 And once again they haste above
 To feed their fast increasing love
 Upon that mystic nectarine
 Which circulates young lips between.
 Oh, blissful moments, how ye speed !
 'Tis time e'en now to bring the steed ;
 Wrap up my girls wrap up my boys,
 Or frozen ears will mar your joys !
 How frosty cold the homeward ride !
 Each lad with sweetheart by his side ;
 Can't blame them if together snug
 They warm each other with a hug ?
 The wee small hours of morning see
 These happy youthful hearts and free

A creeping, after all's been said,
Each one into his little bed.
One hundred thirty dollars, friend,
To Pastor Grimes the sinners send,
And pat their backs in wicked glee,
The sad plight of the church to see.
But hold! the sequel I must tell!
He who laughs last, 'tis said, laughs well.
Hot tears ran down the elder's cheek
As he the cash accepted, meek.
But afterward, as time passed by,
The sinners did a secret spy,
A truth unwelcome, reeking, rank;
He had two thousand in the bank!

THE BANQUET.

There's sound of revels in the hall;
Bright, tinkling glasses, red with wine,
And loaded table, both combine
To fill with joy the hearts of all
Those weary, careworn men of wealth.
The first good spike is driven down
And now they're gathered gladly here
To compliment the prosperous town,
To raise a song of joyous cheer,
And drink a glass to Bundy's health.

But, lo! amidst the merry feast
There comes a sick'ning, damp'ning chill,
Which seems to move with welcome ill
Among the guests, a ghostly beast;
Just see! some glasses are turned down!
Who can explain such conduct rude?
Are enemies within the camp?
No; 'tis the tantrum of a prude,

Which now pops up their joy to damp ;
It should be clad in woman's gown.

But oh ! the depth of Satan's wiles !
How easily he fools the saints !
Far brighter than the artist paints
Now all their faces glow with smiles ;
The devil has thrown in his hook ;
For each poor man with tender heart,
Who dare not pledge in ruddy wine,
With dastardly, consummate art,
A glass is brought of texture fine
Filled to the brim from out Gee Brook.

MY PICCOLO.

Oh, ho, my darling piccolo,
The comfort of my life !
A healing balm for every woe,
A calm for ev'ry strife !
Most fellows, when away they go,
Take with them near the heart
A picture of a girl they know,
Who's pierced by Cupid's dart.
I take along my piccolo,
Hid right inside my coat ;
It is so small. you'd never know ;
It does not peep a note.
The neighbors shut their windows down,
When Pic and I do play ;
The notes go sailing over town,
And then you'll hear folks say :
"He's at that darned old piccolo ;
Just hear its screeching note !
I'd like to take that piccolo
And ram it down his throat !"

MOWING MACHINES.

E'en from the dawn of history dim
We have pictured Old Time as a skeleton grim,
With a long crooked scythe hanging over his back ;
He sweeps us all in, leaving death in his track.
But the progress of man in constructive art
Has now put to shame such a slow moving cart ;
The husbandman chuckles with merriment keen
While he hitches his steeds to the mowing *machine* :
"Old Tempus, you are lagging behind our fast age,
You are far too old foggy, too much of a sage ;
Come, throw your old grass-hook away and take
A patent hay-tedder or a new Tiger Rake !"
In the still summer morn, ere a leaf has been stirred
By a day-breeze, the rattle and click may be heard
Of the mowers which roll through our meadows all brown
With clover and timothy, clipping it down.
As straight as a die the farmer strikes out
Across his broad field and marks out a route
Which he patiently follows, cutting round and round,
Till the whole quadrangle lies flat on the ground.
How varied the crop this reaper makes fall !
No matter what species, he levels them all ;
Daisies, buttercups, lillies, bull-thistles and stones
Which dull up his knives and worry his bones.
I wonder if Time, as he swings his old blade
In the field of mankind a mis-stroke ever made,
And its keen whetted edge with its death-dealing shock
Ever went its whole length on a good gritty rock.
Now and then as the farmer moves on round the field,
Thinking how many tons to the acre 'twill yield
And longing for dinner and noon's little rest.
He will mow right into a bumble-bee's nest.
I wish Old Tempus just once would slash in
To a rotten community so full of sin
That 'twould swarm up around him ; I'd like to be there
And witness that skeleton swell up and swear.

But he has one advantage, the ugly old seer,
His machine is so simple, never gets out of gear ;
Constant use our invention most seriously wears
And frequently we must put in for repairs.
With conservative stroke he keeps working away,
While we fidget and sweat and our doctor-bills pay,
And at last he gets in a most treacherous clip,
And down with the millions of comrades *we* dip.

A NORMAL PRAYER.

How confusing it must be
To a patient Deity,
The problem of men's weak conflicting prayers !
The wind, which doth suit best
A ship that's sailing west,
In the face of east-bound barks most rudely bears.
The farmer prays for rain,
The village maids complain,
For they have planned an outing on that day.
The favor one man seeks
On the next disaster wreaks ;
Better take things as they come, and cease to pray.
Of rich and juicy things
Your rhymster ever sings,
But his bonnet he will now politely doff
To the smooth religious tongue
Which most pliantly was hung
In the mouth of a devoutly praying "prof."
His petition was so sleek,
Trimmed with graceful rhetoric,
Full of figurative sentences so fine,
That our Father on His throne
Could but list to him alone,
But to imitate we're forced to change the line :
'Oh, thou who sittest upon the borders of the heavens,
And lookest with sweet compassion upon sinful mortals !

Entwine about these wayward lambs the tendrils of thy
love ;
Let them feel the melting rays of thy kindness in their
hearts ;
Draw them gently to thy bosom by thy magnetic grace ;
Look with tender compassion upon their wandering
souls ;
Be a beacon to them set on high, leading heavenward ;
Throughout the brief span of life, be a shepherd and a
guide ;
And bring them at last into thy fold, to play upon harps,
And sing divine strains, ecstatic music, in joyous praise
And adoration of thy infinite and blessed name,
Forever and forever, world without end ! A-a-men."'
In meter this doth look
Like the verses in that book
Which Whitman calls quite aptly "Leaves of Grass ;"
But such poetic ruse
Jehovah must amuse,
As revolving spheres and systems fore him pass.

THE HEN PARTY.

There were four married women, who longed for a chance
To visit together alone,
Where no one could bother who ever wore pants ;
They would one another condone.
But they asked a fair maiden to come along too,
And as one of the four was her ma,
She could not refuse, though it hurt her clear through,
To leave her companion, Ah, hah !
They were spending the summer, this confiding pair,
In a little old town 'neath the hills,
Where the tonic of pleasure and breathing fresh air,
Was very much better than pills.

But alas, she must go ; with a sigh of regret
She took her place there on the seat ;
And away drove the coop, four hens at a set,
One more they expected to meet
At the house on the farm where the party took place.
Not a word did the little chick peep,
But all day most resigned, with considerate face,
She laid herself down to sleep.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

The staid and crusty tutor lay a dozing in his chamber,
Dreaming of dissections, and "survival of the fittest."
There came a blue-eyed cherub, little Katie, from the
prairie,
Bringing wild-flowers she had gathered in her wand'ring
all the morning.
Do you think the Prof. was angry, when she woke him
from his slumber?
Well, I guess not ; 'twas a sunbeam breaking through
the dreary nimbus.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

He wandered forth at eventide
And climbing up the steep hill-side,
Sat down beneath a generous tree
To rest him on the velvet lea,
And as he scanned the peaceful scene,
The river, dale, and meadows green,
Uprolled from out the silent dell
The mellow tones of th' old church bell.
He listened mute, half dreaming, and
The rich vibrations o'er him fanned
By wanton sprite or dancing fay,
Combined in words and seemed to say :

“With earnest, anxious voice I plead,
Come—come, come!
Though few the invitation heed,
Come—come, come!
Fewer, fewer, year by year,
Lend to me the listening ear,
And in the courts of God appear,
Come—come, come!”

“My belfry creaks, whene'er I swing,
Come—come, come!
Not always shall my warning ring,
Come—come, come!”
The storms of winter o'er me lower,
With slow, but most resistless power,
They rot the timbers of my tower,
Come—come, come!”

“In years gone by—oh, list my wail!
Come—come, come!
Whene'er my voice rolled down the vale,
Come—come, come!
The people flocked in crowds to hear
The gospel news of hope and cheer;
The world turns backward now, I fear,
Come—come, come!”

“Oh, how the songs rose from the choir!
Come—come, come!
It did one's very soul inspire!
Come—come, come!
The old pipe-organ's tones so deep
Have long since sunk in quiet sleep—
We'll both lie shortly in one heap!
Come—come, come!”

“Some say my voice grows harsh with age,
Come—come, come!
That now I seem to snarl in rage,
Come—come, come!”

Ah, me ! I've seen disgusting sights,
Backbiting, scandals, petty fights
Of brethren over fancied rights !
Come—come, come !”

“In days of clocks there is no need—
Come—come, come !
Of bells ; the people would be freed—
Come—come, come !
From listening to my mournful tones,
That tell of sinners' dying groans,
Of future torments, tortures, moans,
Come—come, come !”

“When death brings sorrow to the soul,
Come—come, come !
Amidst the tears I sadly toll,
Come—come, come !
Below processions slowly wend
Their way along the fatal trend
Unto the grave, the dreaded end,
Come—come, come !”

“And when with hot, insatiate tongue—
Come—come, come !
The fire-fiend rouses old and young—
Come—come, come !
From sleep oblivious of all harm,
Then, swung by rude excited arm,
I bellow forth the wild alarm !
Come—come, come !”

“But I would ring at weddings, too,
Come—come, come !
Or, when glad Easter doth renew—
Come—come, come !
The earth in sunshine and in showers ;
I'd tell of spring's returning flowers,
Of meadows fair and woodland bowers.
Come—come, come !”

“Are there no hearts that love me yet?

Come—come, come!

Who would my silence oft regret?

Come—come, come!

Though they no longer tread the way,

To which I've called them day by day;

Are there no memories in my lay?

Come—come, come!”

“Ah, yes; methinks the old church bell—

Come—come, come!

Exerts a strange and magic spell!

Come—come, come!

And many a soul is deeply thrilled

And with fond recollections filled,

Who would not have my old voice stilled.

Come—come, come!”

It ceased, but slowly died away,

And mid the echoes seemed to stay,

To tell its patient tale of ills

Unto the sympathizing hills.

WILLIAM GOES A FISHING.

When the frogs begin to sing

In the quiet sultry night,

William's heart with joy doth spring,

For the bull-heads now will bite.

Go into the garden, Will,

Spade the ground for angle worms;

If that long tin box you'd fill,

You must grab each one that squirms.

Soon within, a writhing mass,

William views his wealth of bait;

Through his brain bright visions pass,

Where the bull-heads seem to wait.

Now he ties a new-bought line
 On a pole, his darling pride,
 While his eyes expectant shine,
 As they 'neath dark lashes hide.
 Heavy sinker, made of lead,
 Cork to float upon the top,
 Hook, the hardware man has said,
 "Never lets a bull-head drop,"
 Such his tackle—not so nice—
 Strong and practical, you see ;
 He could give you sound advice
 As to what the tools should be.
 Off he trudges, pondering where
 He at first his luck will try,
 Wisely, with mysterious air,
 Steals down where he knows they lie.
 Then the biggest worm of all .
 Out he pulls, and on the hook
 Heartlessly he makes it crawl ;
 No soft pity in his look.
 Spitting on it, just for luck,
 In it goes a massive bunch,
 With a loud resounding chuck ;
 What a tempting bull-head's lunch !
 On a crotch he sets the pole,
 Runs the butt deep in the mud,
 Waits and waits, while in his soul
 Flowers of expectation bud.
 Now at last the cork doth show
 Indications of a bite ;
 Waves concentric outward go
 'Fore his rapt enchanted sight.
 Down he bends and grips the rod ;
 'Gainst the crisis, when it comes,
 Stamps a footing in the sod ;
 Through his head the hot blood hums.
 Oh, how long the moments seem,
 'Till the cork goes dancing fair !

Then with energy supreme
 Flies the bull-head through the air !
 Slap, it falls upon the ground,
 Far into the meadow thrown ;
 Flippyty flop, it flounders round ;
 To William's eye how small it's grown !
 Then the cruel task unkind,
 To extricate it from the hook,
 Occupies our hero's mind,
 Difficulties hard to brook.
 Oft within the stomach deep
 The barbed iron rambles round ;
 Bull-heads take their food to keep,
 Tough the tissue is and sound.
 Then, too, on the head and back
 Ugly spines stand threat'ning out,
 To handle which is quite a knack,
 When the owner flops about.
 Forth comes William's big jack-knife,
 And with energetic will
 Quickly ends the creatures life,
 Not with best of surgic skill.
 From a friendly neighboring bush
 Cuts the lad a willow smooth ;
 Through the gills with skillful push,
 He strings the pout too dead to move.
 One by one he pulls them in,
 Swelling meanwhile big with pride—
 Hardened murderer, steeped in sin !
 See the victims by his side !
 There he sits in perfect joy,
 Heedless of the passing hour,
 Just an artless, happy boy !
 Would we all possessed the power
 To forget the world and care !
 To fish away, while speeds the night !
 Life indeed would be more fair ;
 Many a sad heart would be bright.

Hark ! his father's calling now ;
 "Time to go to bed, my son !"
Slow and with reluctant brow
 Turns the lad from all his fun.
Much impeded home he walks,
 Dragging on his trailing string ;
Lowly to himself he talks—
 Feels as proud as any king.
And that night amidst his dreams
 He swings once more his darling pole ;
Real as life the illusion seems ;
 He's fishing in "the bull-head hole."

JOSEPHINE AND THE SNOW.

Good bye, old snow, a glad farewell !
 You've stayed with us about long enough,
You're not a friend we'd wish to dwell
 Forever here ; you're cold and gruff !
You claim to come from heaven in quest
 Of a place to lie and sleep, no doubt,
And such a grim unwelcome guest
 I'm sure the angels would cast out.
I thought you charming when at first
 So pure and gentle you came down,
But now I think you are the worst
 Old loafer, that hangs round the town.
You gave us jolly sleighing, though,
 For that I thank you with my heart ;
But when its spring, why don't you go ?
 It's high time now that you should start
The boys and you had lots of fun ;
 They packed you into little balls
And swift as from a soldier's gun
 They fired you in the school-house halls.
They built you into forts, and then
 Behind them hid in mimic fight ;

They shaped you into fat old men
With charcoal eyes, a comic sight.
Some nights we coasted on the hill
And, as we climbed up to the top,
The horrid boys would not be still;
They'd kiss us with a noisy pop.
You made my papa shovel hard
To clear you off our front side walk ;
And then he used such words ! it jarred
Upon my ears to hear him talk !
You filled the railroad cuts so high
The engines hardly could push through ;
Some days you darkened all the sky ;
We could not see a speck of blue.
You're lying on the grass and flowers ;
They can't come out, while you're around ;
With their weak, puny sprouting powers
They stay down there beneath the ground.
And then the birds, they see you here
And fly back south where it is mild,
With all their happy notes of cheer,
To hear them sing, I'm fairly wild !
Were I the sun, I'd shine so hot
Upon your back that you would boil,
Like water in our coffee pot !
Your ugly hulk I soon would spoil !
Then go away, old grey-beard snow !
Don't come again for ever so long !
And robin red breast, why so slow ?
Come pipe to me your pretty song !

HOCUS-POCUS.

Now peeps from out the ground
The pretty little crocus ;
And, as our eyes peer round,
Upon its face they focus.

And early every morn
From his exalted locus,
The clarion tones are born
Of quite another crow-cus.

And also from the pond,
As though he would invoke us,
The bullfrog is most fond
His evening hymn to croak us.

THE LENTEN BELLE.

These are the days when the gay bird of fashion
For things good and holy conceives a brief passion.
She reflects on her acts, which the year has recorded,
And finds nothing there which could well be rewarded.
And there floods o'er her soul a wave of repentance ;
Submissive she bows to a self-given sentence.
She resolves to be pious, no longer to dread it,
That a few virtuous deeds may appear to her credit.
She burns her last novel, and dusts off her Bible,
And regrets that the former the latter doth libel.
Her stomach, which patiently long has digested
The ices and cakes, shall briefly be rested.
She gives up her steaks, her wines and mince pie, at
The beck of her church takes a mackerel diet.
Her love-songs, her dances, her costumes fantastic,
Are all put aside for duties more drastic.
Card parties, and teas, vain praise or derision,
To be sure, still remain in her heavenly vision.
Her gentlemen friends, who with chocolates feast her,
Are told "she's not in, until just after Easter."
Behold her in prayer ! to Heaven she's pleading ;
"Forgive me, oh Lord, for the life I am leading !"
Full forty days she bends the knee,
And then relieved, unfettered, free,
She plunges in the social sea,
Once more its faithful devotee.

RAMBLINGS.

'Tis pleasant in August to climb up the hillsides,
To wander round pastures and gorges and millsites,
To sit in the shade just over the brink of
A sparkling cascade, to gaze and to think of
A rapturous cool plunge down into the water ;
To gently restrain your third cousin's daughter,
When she sweetly pretends to be seized with a longing
To throw herself headlong and plainly is fawning.

What joy more extatic,
When the old folks erratic,
Betake themselves up town and leave
The moon brightly shining,
Two cousins reclining,
So gently entwining,
That papa and mamma would grieve,
If quickly returning,
Curiosity burning,
Good common sense spurning,
The sight should their minds undeceive !

How mournful to think that such pleasures must vanish,
That the end of vacation should cruelly banish,
New friends from each other so very much longer
That the respite so brief when affection grows stronger ;
The summer's red wine glass, effervescing with bliss,
Is dismally buried in one parting kiss.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'Tis said that ere the sunbeams
Have lured the snow above
Upon a certain morning
The birds all fall in love.

Each chirping wren and sparrow
A-sudden sees his fate ;
Its little heart a-flutter
Has found its summer mate.
And so the lads and lassies
In merry England drew
Each one a name to cherish
With Cupid's ardor true.
And on the day that followed
(There was no time to lose)
Did fly from one to th' other
Such gushing billets-doux !
Until some somber pastors
This custom to refine,
Put for these love sick missiles
Words of St. Valentine
But, ah, the wary Cupid
Could not be thus suppressed ;
The saint retains the honor,
The cherub, all the rest.
To-day the weary post-man,
Upon that winter's morn
Breathes heavy neath the burden
Of am'rous letters born.
Ah, yes, while stars shall twinkle
And planets onward roll,
The same old, sweet old story
Shall pass from soul to soul.

BOCK.

He saunters forth one bright forenoon,
The early part of Easter week,
And eyes the signs for a certain boon,
A longed-for emblem, he doth seek.

Soon thrills of joy dart through his breast.
 For there, in colors fresh and bright,
 Looms up the object of his quest
 Before his fond enraptured sight.
 With curling horns, a rampant beast,
 His head bent low at a sturdy rock
 Is the sign whereon his eye doth feast ;
 It is the far-famed Easter bock !
 He calls for one, he calls for two ;
 He keeps on calling—loses count,
 Until things take a misty hue
 And surging blood to his brain doth mount.
 Then forth he goes for cooler air.
 With a step that side to side doth lurch ;
 He moves, but still with anxious care
 For the same old symbol he doth search.
 Upon his foggy eye confused
 Doth flash a drug-store window bright
 With legends freely there diffused ;
 He opes the door with all his might.
 “Set ’em up, old man !” says he to the clerk ;
 “Set up the gay old Easher bock !”
 Who answers shyly, with a smirk :
 “We have no beer, but pure deep rock.”
 “No bock, ol’ boy? Now don’ ye wink !
 Look me ’n th’ eye ! Ye say, no bock ?
 Nev’r take no rock ; t’ heavy t’ drink !
 No bock ? jesh rock ? hard rock ? solid rock ?”
 Once more the pavement seems to roll
 Beneath our traveler’s weary feet,
 Until a well-striped barber’s pole
 His wistful vision now doth greet.
 “Come in, my friend, be seated, and
 I’ll quickly ease you of that shock
 Of hair !” “No shanks ; I allus—shtand.
 When—hic—I drink m’ gay ol’ bock !”
 “This is a barber shop, dear sir !

For beer, indeed, not quite the place !
 Come, move, hurry out ! bestir ! bestir !"
 He oped the door with forceful grace.
 "See 'ere, young man, don't be too flip !
 Take down y'r sign, 'f yo don'—sell !
 An don' give me t' much y'r—lip !
 Goo' bye ! goo' bye ! hic—hope y'r well !"
 The gaily colored ribbons at
 The store. where ladies off do wend
 To ease their purse and trim their hat,
 Next struck the optics of our friend.
 He plunges in midst sighs and screams,
 And frantic consternation wild ;
 "Don' be—'fraid." says he, "m' creams
 I'm jusht as jentle ash a—child !"
 Jus then he felt the strong right hand
 Of justice on his shoulder fall,
 And heard a voice in stern command,
 And near him stood a "copper" tall.
 And as he toward the station makes
 A sinuous course much like a bike,
 Says he : "How can ye 'void mistakes,
 When all the signs 'r jusht a—like?"

THE SABBATH.

I once was camping in a grove,
 Which nestled near a gurgling brook,
 That tumbled down its troublous course,
 And flowed into a placid lake.
 'Twas far away from mart of trade.
 From clang of bells or noisy street,
 From aught that doth pertain to man,
 As now he lives, and works, and thinks.
 In sweet communion with the birds,
 The air and trees, the waves and sky,

The quiet days passed calmly on
With naught to designate their name.
And so it happened that the day
Which in the town is set apart
As different from the other six
Went by without my knowing it.
The birds sang just as sweet that day,
The brook kept gurgling all the while,
The fishes snapped the careless fly,
The clouds went rolling o'er the hills.
And as I pondered o'er these things,
And saw that nature does not change
The even tenor of its way,
But aye repeats its daily rhythm,
I saw that Sunday is a thing
Grown out of artificial thought ;
By man 'twas built, it did not rise
From nature's fundamental laws.

THE COSSET LAMB.

Hear the bleating of the lamb,
A-a-ah, a-a-ah !
As it skippeth to its dam—
A-a-aah—bottle ;
How I wish that I could grab,
A-a-ah, a-a-ah !
Round its larynx, and its blab—
A-a-ah—throttle.

He is lacking a mamma,
A-a-ah, a-a-ah !
And can't tell who's his papa—
A-a-ah—awful !
So our Eddie took him in,
A-a-ah, a-a-ah !
And since then his father's been
A-a-ah—lawful.

THE CLERGYMAN'S REVERIE.

The preacher sat in his high-backed chair,
And whiffed his good cigar ;
White clouds of smoke filled all the air,
But his thoughts went wand'ring far.
It was Sunday night, his work was o'er,
And he strove to calm his brain ;
But his throbbing head and spirit sore
Brought naught but aching pain.
'Ah, me !' he groaned, "'tis a sad behest,
On this, God's Sabbath day,
I'm the only man that gets no rest ;
I must work to earn my pay.
If God himself His work did cease,
As the sixth great day grew dim,
How can He calmly smile in peace
On men who work for him ?
I've preached three times and prayed enough
To satisfy a Brahmī ;
I say, by Jove, it's mighty tough
To stand and read a psalm.
While all the people sit and sleep,
As God hath given command,
But I forsooth, I cannot keep
The plain law of the land.
'Tis settled now," he said at last.
"My resolution's made ;
It shall be done, the die is cast,
I'll go out of the trade."

MASTICATORY BLISS.

Oh, what joy,
When a girl and a boy
Fill up their cheeks with gum
On the street !

Chew, chaw, chum,
Nice spruce gum,
So delightful, so exciting,
Ah, so sweet !

Clean, white teeth,
Saliva that doth seethe,
As the masticating muscles
Swell and shrink ;
Ish, ash, ush,
Hear it gush !
Now exuding quite profusely
O'er the brink.

Bright red lip,
Oh, how he'd like to sip
From off that ruby dam
Nectarine !
Um, yum, yum,
Would that he were gum
And be rolling, squeezed and fondled
In between.

**“THEY ARE ABLE BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO
BE ABLE.”**

(Motto of the Graduating Class of the Normal School, Cortland
N. Y., 1895.)

Dear girls, your motto's but a dream ;
Things seldom are just what they seem.
Alas ! sweet innocence naive !
'Tis cruelty to undeceive !
Those wise professors, so sedate,
Along the rostrum ranged in state,
Seem able now, but time will prove,
They are but sliding in a groove.
If of the dominies in town
The words above you've written down,
Your lack of judgment makes one ache ;
You've made a damnable mistake.

Perhaps 'tis of the powers that be !
 What goeth on, they seem to see ;
 But ah, my dears, it is not so !
 Nine-tenths the sin they never know !
 Is't of the boys you hope to wed,
 These sweet confiding words are said ?
 Look up the case of your adored ;
 See if he's paid his last month's board.
 Or is't yourselves you're hinting at ?
 You're able with a plum-ed hat
 To throw poor mortals in a rage
 By shutting off the whole darned stage.
 If this the claim, I do admit
 The motto you have hap'ly hit ;
 You're able, as you seem to be ;
 I've had a girl sit front of me.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The ladies of the Church sometimes send out invitations, in each of which is a small silk sack, and the recipient is requested to put in and bring to the party as many cents as he is years old. Below are a few reflections on the part of those favored :

TOO YOUNG.

I'm not yet two—
 Can't go—boo—hoo !
 They'll put me off to bed ;
 They'll tuck me in
 And leave a pin
 A prickin' me instead.

ECONOMICAL.

I'm five years old
 And somewhat bold ;
 Ma says my temper's fickle ;

But then, for such,
It don't cost much ;
It only takes a nickle.

FRETTING.

At sweet sixteen
The age between
Mere child and woman ripe,
For fear of sin
I am hedged in
By custom's awful gripe.

PROSPECTING.

Here is my chance
To take a glance
At all the girls in town ;
At twenty-four
I'll look them o'er ;
It's time I settle down.

WAITING.

This little bag
Is but a rag,
I'll hide it if I can ;
Age thirty-eight,
Alas, my fate !
Still yearning for a man !

PATERFAMILIAS.

At forty-five,
Domestic hive
With children swarming thick ;
This Christmas trash
Takes all my cash ;
It is a preacher's trick !

LORD, SEND ANOTHER HUSBAND.

Age fifty-seven !
Ah, gracious heaven !

My throbbing heart will burst ;
Come forth to view
Thou number two !
I'll love you like the first !

GRAY HAIRS.

Three score and ten !
'Tis then, 'tis then,
Man ponders o'er his life.
Soon comes the call
That ends it all,
Ends all its bitter strife.

FRAUD.

'Tis said that Stag, the pitcher, used to pray
Before he went into a game of ball,
And beg the Lord to kindly by him stay,
That the victory to Yale might surely fall.
A Harvard man objected to his prayer,
Said that piety in theory was fine ;
But it certainly would not be reckoned fair
To play against Jehovah and the nine.
Again at an examination hard,
He prayed that God would graciously be near,
His weak and erring intellect to guard,
That his answers to the questions might be clear.
But a certain shrewd professor hove in view,
Said that "no assistance" was the only rule ;
If Jehovah was to slyly help him through,
He must seek an entrance in another school.

VALENTINES, 1896.

Now is the time for billets-doux
To fly from heart to heart ;
For thus doth Cupid throw his noose
With most consummate art.

But sometimes, when the seal you break,
And view the contents there,
You find a highly colored fake
Which you in fragments tear.
To thee, my gentle reader sweet,
May only missiles fly,
Which palpitate with love replete,
With love that will not die.
Below are valentines, a brood
Of somewhat curious style ;
Perhaps they'll seem a little crude,
But then, they're free from guile.

MISS COLUMBIA FROM J. BULL.

Thou loveliest and free,
Sweet western maid !
My tireless suit to thee
Ever is paid.
Dream not of southern love,
Fly like a cooing dove,
Waves, winds and storms above,
Back, back to me !

UNCLE SAM TO MISS VENEZUELA.

My love for you
Is strong and true,
I know you do not doubt it ;
But please not prance
And kick and dance,
And make a fuss about it.

MISS COLUMBIA TO THE POPULIST PARTY.

United we can never be,
Thy tears are useless shedding ;
The ceremony you can see,
Would be a "silver wedding."

CONGRESS TO MISS CUBA.

Oh, maiden dark,
I dare not spark
Or recognize thee now !
Shouldst thou grow strong,
'Twould not be long
Before I'd make my bow.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO MISS ARMENIA.

Weep not in sorrow,
But wait ;
Bright dawns the morrow
In state ;
Slow, but surely, I shall win,
Fold you safe my arms within,
Dearest Armenia !

THE SULTAN TO MISS BARTON.

Come o'er the sea
To me ! Be free
To make my country thine,
But when you roam,
Please leave at home
Your emblem, 'tis not mine.

MISS CHURCH TO YOUNG SINNER.

I love thee, oh, I love thee,
Thou naughty, naughty boy !
Thou art so forward, bold, and free,
So full of wicked joy !
I love thee for thy beauty,
And for thy conduct rash ;
But most of all, in duty,
I love thee for thy cash !

THE STATE TO MISS NORMAL GRADUATE.

I've paid your way ;
Now won't you stay

And be my faithful bride ?
Desert me not
For rustic cot
With babies by your side !

SCIENCE TO MISS CHURCH.

Oh, spinster old ;
Worn out and cold
Thou art a withered bride !
Hysterical
And clerical,
A prune completely dried !

THE MAIDS OF WASHINGTON TO D. B. HILL.

You want to send us all away,
You think you're awful bright !
There's not a girl for you would stay,
You old bald-headed fright !
As things look now, its very plain,
You'll go before we do ;
And then, perhaps, your nibs will deign
To mind his business too !

BESSIE EXPLAINS IT.

“Where do the birdies come from ?”
Said Will to little Bess.
Who pondered long and answered :
“Dey tum from Heben, I dess !”

“Where do the babies come from ?”
He asked with interest new.
Once more she wisely answered :
“Dey tum from Heben too !”

“But it's so high to Heaven,
'Twould hurt them when they fell ;
How they get down so safely,
I'm sure you can not tell.”

She pondered still more deeply,
And then with swelling pride,
She solved the hard enigma :
"De birdies let 'em ride !"

LUSCIOUS FRUIT.

Hiding in an apple-tree,
Almost out of sight,
Peeking slyly down at me,
So roguish and bright,
Charming little sparkling eyes,
Cheeks of blushing red,
Fixing up a cute surprise
For somebody's head ;
Guess I better shake it down,
Catch it in a cup
Extemporized from dressing gown,
And then—just eat it up !

A LOVE GAME.

Two snowy little balls
Go dancing through the air,
While someone laughing calls
The record of the pair.
But now midst slips and falls,
Scarce halfway through the set,
Have both the little balls
Got tangled in the net.
And two light quivering hearts
Tossed likewise to and fro
By Cupid's tennis arts
Have yielded to the foe.
And tangled in a net
Of love now helpless tossed,
They'll not play out the set ;
The int'rest all is lost.

THE CONFIRMATION CAR.

Have you heard of Bishop Walker,
And his confirmation car?
How he travels o'er Dakotah,
Reaching sinners from afar?
'Tis an age of marv'lous progress,
There's no longer need of strife
For the riches of salvation
And the blest eternal life,
For, behold, in Pullman palace
Doth the Bishop yonder roll,
Bringing comforts of the gospel
To the Rocky Mountain soul.
Fitted up with room for robing
And with consecrated bar,
Oh, a model of convenience
Is this confirmation car!
Shouting, "All aboard for heaven!"
With shrill whistle's piercing scream,
Whirls away the modern Bishop,
Saving sinners' souls by steam.
Honor to the plucky preacher,
Who can keep abreast the times;
What cares he for chronic critics,
With their nonsense and their rhymes?
Snugly in his Pullman sleeper,
Like to empire's westward star,
Rolleth toward the broad Pacific
Bishop Walker and his car.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF SAYING IT.

In days gone by, when steeds we rode,
If thrown to earth, unfortunate
In notes of hand he had endorsed,
A man was said to be "unhorsed."

But later, when an iron steed
Rushed snorting 'long an iron path,
If then disaster set one back,
The people said : "He's off the track."

Now, in the age of electric sparks,
When lines of wire fill all the air,
A man prostrated by his folly,
We simply say "has slipped the trolley."

And also, since the sportive bike
Doth sow mankind along the road,
The following phrase oft 'takes the medal'
For chaps cast down : "He's lost his pedal "

But worst of all, of that sad man,
Whom hard misfortune hath let down,
The world says of his status dire :
"He hath a puncture in his tire."

JACK.

There was a wicked boy
Named Jack ;
It was his greatest joy
To rack
The nerves of his teacher,
To ridicule the preacher,
And all good folks annoy,
Alack !

The subject of my rhyme,
This Jack,
Develops in due time
A knack,
A skill most surprising,
And soon we'll see him rising,
Like a hero in his prime,
Our "Mack."

Now he occupies a place,
Does Jack !
He's the champion third base,
Gee whack !
And with reputation growing,
Also pockets overflowing,
With a bright and laughing face
Comes back.

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE.

Two gay young maids from boarding-school
Spend Christmas week in town ;
Their spirits free from pedant rule,
No longer are cast down.
They stuff themselves with caramels,
With chocolates and cake,
Until at last these budding belles
Are struck with stomach ache.
And then with penitential mien
Each morning at the church,
These little Christians may be seen ;
For pardon now they search.

OHIO TO THE FRONT.

What cry is this so wild and shrill
Comes from the Buckeye state ?
Ten thousand female voices fill
The air and wail their fate !
The solons at Columbus massed
Have in profoundest wisdom pass'd
A law which makes a woman at
The opera take off her hat !

WHY SHE WORE THEM.

She was riding on her cycle
And she had her bloomers on

When she passed a prudish woman
Who did stare at her anon.

And as she rolled by swiftly
That woman hard did cough,
And shouted out falsetto,
"I'd take them riggin's off!"

The maiden wheeled round proudly
In a graceful curve and true,
"So would I," she said serenely,
"If I were shaped like you!"

SHOCKING !

Daintily, blushing, out stepped the maid
From her seat in the electric car ;
Coily she smiled on the uniformed lad
Who leaned 'gainst the platform bar.

Modestly, bashfully, asked the sweet maid :
"Would I receive a shock.
If I should step on the rail down there
Instead of the ground or that rock?"

Roguishly, jokingly, answered the lad,
His cheeks flushing red as fire :
' Yes, my dear girl, if your other foot
Were touching the trolley wire !'

TO ANNIE, ACCEPTING A LEAP-YEAR PRO- POSAL.

If you're the bonnie little maid,
Who, now that measles are no more,
Wouldst yield unto a worse disease,
And risk the swift descending grade
That lures you toward the rocky shore
Of love and matrimonial seas ;
Know, that you've found the very chap,

Who'll wait until you're twenty-one,
And then, if no unseen mishap
Of cruel fate
Shall separate
Our barks before we have begun,
Together we will brave the tide,
A grandpa and his blushing bride.

THE CATALOGICAL SIDEWALK.

Oh, what cares a boy for honor or fame!
Just give him a knife, let him whittle his name
In a most lowly spot, on a sidewalk, where
The folks as they pass will know he's been there.
In those warm days in spring, when the weather's so fine,
To carve his initials in soft, yielding pine,
Gives a calm sweet content to a boy most complete,
As he thinks of the future, with plans so replete.
Now running along the academy front
Is a walk which for years has oft stood the brunt
Of steel whetted sharp and applied with good will,
And occasionally even with artistic skill.
As I wander along, each name in its place
Calls up recollections of one special face
Which used to be seen at the supper roll call,
And it sets me to thinking, the abominable scrawl.
Oh, record of wood, growing fuller with age,
May thy bevy of names be transferred to a page
Of the Lamb's Book of Life, when all gathered in,
These lads shall be cherubs, washed free from their sin.

SONG OF THE DEMERIT SQUAD.

Oh, how it falls upon the ear,
That old command, so dread, so drear,
So full of woe, vexation, fear;
Demerit squad, fall in!

March, march, march, an hour or two, an
hour or two,
Sit, sit, sit, the whole blest afternoon ;
Oh, how it falls upon the ear,
That old command, so dread, so drear,
So full of woe, vexation, fear ;
Demerit squad, fall in !

At ev'ry hour we have for play,
At morn or noon, all times of day,
The captain heaves in sight to say
Demerit squad, fall in !

Somebody fires a paperwad,
Or o'er a book begins to nod,
In doors or out is wrongly shod ;
Demerit squad, fall in !

Jack comes along, inflicts a hug,
You hit him squarely in the mug
Or down his back you poke a bug ;
Demerit squad, fall in !

On dinner line your hands not clean,
Or during prayers you shoot a bean ;
Oh, blast that call, it sounds so mean !
Demerit squad, fall in !

Sometime next June, when school is out,
We'll turn the whole blamed thing about,
And at the captain we will shout
Demerit squad, fall in !

March march, march, an hour or two, an hour
or two,
Sit, sit, sit, the whole blest afternoon ;
Oh, how it falls upon the ear,
That old command, so dread, so drear,
So full of woe, vexation fear ;
Demerit squad, fall in !

TORCH ANGELS.

It is the duty of the cadet officers of a Military Academy to light the gas and put it out after the boys are in bed. They must have an eye to the order and keep silence, so that everybody may go to sleep. They are furnished with a lighter having a sliding wick, and a clamp at the end to fit the gas fixture.

We're angels of the torch,
And hover over sleepless boys;
Our fingers never scorch.
But hush each bit of noise.
"Ah there, beware!
I'm "onto" that, you son of care!
You'd better get to bed,
And hide your little head."

We have our special drill;
The Major puts us through the sprouts.
We move about so still
In most eccentric routes.
Be quick, push wick!
(Don't stick!) how slick a trick! Pickwick!
And now we make it flick
With fragments of Old Nick!

Each jet of gas we light,
And as the lads take off their duds
We check each pillow fight,
As frost doth nip the buds;
"Say, boys, less noise!
I'll "mark" you soon and end your joys!"
And then it simmers down
While each draws on his gown.

And now we fix our clamp
Upon each jet and turn it out,
Then take our weary tramp
The darkened halls about.

“Sweet dreams, you creams!
Lie there in peace till morning beams
And picture fairer lands;
We’re glad you’re off our hands.”

JUNE-BUGS.

See the whizzing, crawling June-bug,
Bang his nose against the wall!
On your neck his claspers soon hug,
Down your back he tries to crawl.

How he blindly buzzes round you!
Why the de’il don’t he look?
Can’t he see that you are bound to
Knock his life out with a book?

Right into the flame he flyeth,
There his useless bugship’s life
Sacrificeth; yea, he dieth
Without struggle, without strife.

We have now and then a hopeful
In our interesting corps,
Whose thick skull must be of soap full
Or he’d surely use it more;

For he keeps his June-bug nasal
Bunting ever ’gainst the will,
Of the Captain, till his basal,
Red with smarting, pays the bill.

THE BURNING OF THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Not far away a man doth dwell
Who deals in stoves and wires,
He goes down home at half-past one
And discovers all the fires.

On Thursday night as he went down,—
I tell you 'tis no joke,—
He saw George Crofoot's blacksmith shop,
All wreathed about in smoke.

He straightway started up the street,
As fast as he could run,
Bound for the store where he would find
His famous brass squirt-gun.

But soon he heard a woeful cry,
Most fearful, dread and dire ;
"Let ev'ry man a lantern bring,
We cannot find the fire !"

Old Erin's son, asleep close by,
When he heard the cry, he said,
"He felt all round in his night gown—
Couldn't find the way out of bed."

One strong young man as he rushed along,
His eye on the fire intent,
Struck a sturdy old maid, who stood on the walk,
And head over heels she went.

Straight down to the creek with pail in hand,
Not fearing death nor sin,
Another youth with ardor rushed,
And went right over in.

With plenty of pluck and pails and tubs,
And men who crawled about,
We worked all night in a desperate fight ;
And we put the fire out.

"THE COACH."

What comes a rumbling, rattling down the road,
Steeds a prancing, spangles dancing,
With its joyous, laughing, happy load,
Maidens blushing, cheeks a flushing ?
It is the coach, the coach, the jolly old coach !
Rolling over hills and valleys fair,
Climbing up the peaks and bowling down the slopes,
Oh the joy, the joy, how rare !

'Tis built of timber strong and seasoned well,
Painted blood red, not too wide tread,
And upholstered in a style that's "awful swell,"
Turkey red chintz, wheels in cream tints.
It is the coach, etc.

Upon a summer's morn when all is fine,
With a gay shout, lead the steeds out,
Fill the boot with turkey, cake and wine,
Let the horn blow, ta-ra-ti-ta-ho!
Bring out the coach, etc.

With steady nerve the driver takes his seat,
Mind the leaders; they're seceders;
And then we're off and rattling down the street;
Now just step back and hear the whip crack.
It is the coach, etc.

And when at night we lay us down to sleep,
E'en in dream-land, that wond'rous seemland,
We still are rocking, jolting down the steep,
Awful pitches, over ditches;
We're in the coach, etc.

THE SILVER FIEND.

The world is out of gear;
That's plain enough,
I say;
I'm always in arrear,
Can't get the stuff
To pay.
My house is tumbling down,
My trade is stopped;
By Joe!
There's not a man in town
Whose luck has dropped
So low!

If fifty cents would fix
A dollar's debt,
 Why, then,
I'd soon be owing nix,
A king, you bet,
 Of men!
There's only one way out,
"Free Coinage," that
 I see;
"Sixteen to one," my shout,
I swing my hat
 For thee!

THANKSGIVING IN EUROPE, 1895.

Says the big Russian bear,
"That Turkey down there
Is making a terrible fuss;
Let's 'cook it up' nice
And each take a slice
And stop that Armenian muss."

Says the old English lion,
"If you're ready to die on
This very Thanksgiving Day,
Just let it be heard
You're troubling that bird,
And the devil will then be to pay!"

THE TWO DAVIDS.

"I think it would be a mighty good idea if the women were packed away and sent out of Washington and the men left to attend to the business they are sent here for by the country."—D. B. Hill.

A Hebrew youth of beauty rare,
Complexion most divinely fair,

Whose tender heart
To woman's art
Was yielding ;
A dried up Senatorial knight,
Who pretty maids would put to flight,
With graceful trick
His rhetoric
Is wielding.
There you have them, old and new ;
Choose the one that best suits you.

EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS.

'Tis said that George, our Father,
Try hard as he could try,
Was constantly unable
To perpetrate a lie.

The race has much advanced,
There's no way else to view it ;
However hard 'twas then,
Now, any boy can do it !

GOLD.

Gold ! Gold !
Yellow and cold,
Thou art Columbia's lack !
Sportive and free,
Why skip o'er the sea
And never, ah, never come back ?
How many million
Will dance this cotillion,
Waltz into our coffers and out ?
That fearful "reserve"
Doth the country unnerve !
'Tis our dread ! 'Tis our national knout !

Gold, Gold,
My lady doth scold,
If thou art deficient to her.
Over her breast
Confidingly rest,
And tell her heart not to demur.
In her purse jingle,
From her ears tingle,
Round her neck foudly entwine,
And inside her glove
Form a circlet of love;
Oh! would that thy magic were mine!

Gold! Gold!
Thou demon of old!
What curses to man thou dost bring!
Entranced by thy charm,
With suppliant arm,
A youth kneels before thee, his king;
Eyes dazzled by glory,
He acts the old story
Of struggle, collapse and false pride;
At last in old age
He falls on the stage;
All is lost! One more suicide!

AN ARTIST IN COLOR.

With flourish brisk
And dainty whisk
And mazy swift gyrations,
The porter of a barber shop
Performs manipulations,
Most wondrous in agility!
Most marv'ulous in facility!
He antics round
With graceful bound

You cannot fail to note.
But when the dance is o'er,
And he bows you to the door,
With calm disgust
You view the dust ;
He has not touched your coat !

THE WAY WE NOMINATE.

Now is the time, when one by one
Each state brings forth a favored son ;
And each fond mother thinks her birth
Will sweep the others off the earth.
They trot them out to public gaze,
And in the papers sing their praise.
This thing keeps up a month or so,
And then we have a baby show.
Saint Louis or Chicago makes
A wigwam, where each mamma takes
Her child, and, struggling for the prize,
She longs to see her darling rise.
They drink and smoke and raise a noise
And revel in convention joys,
Until at last someone is found,
Who can the rest in tumult drown ;
And o'er the wires his name is sent,
Our candidate for President.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Shall Cuba e'er be free?
Shall N. M. be a state?
Shall gold our standard be?
Who shall we nominate?
These queries lately pondered o'er
And oft discussed in street and store
Are in the public mind no more :
The question now is : "What's the score?"

TRA-LA-LA.

The first robin-redbreast of spring,
Tra-la-la !

Tunes his piccolo up to sing,
Tra-la-la !

When, whew ! comes a blizzard
And freezes his gizzard
Right tight to his little wing,
Tra-la-la !

So the fool with no overcoat,
Tra-la-la !
Finds himself in a similar boat,
Tra-la-la !

He sneezes and wheezes
And damns the March breezes
And nurses an awful sore throat,
Tra-la-la !

The penitent maiden in Lent,
Tra-la-la !
Her prayers on high having sent,
Tra-la-la !

At Easter feels better,
For mamma will let her
Now follow her darling old bent,
Tra-la-la !

The school boy was thinking what fun,
Tra-la-la !
He'd have, when from school he could run,
Tra-la-la !

When, prickling like teasles,
Along came the measles,
And his expectations were done,
Tra-la-la !

A wife her young husband doth greet—
Tra-la-la !

With a smile and a kiss, ah, so sweet!
 Tra-la-la!
But soon in the drama
She goes to her mamma
And their goods are set out on the street,
 Tra-la-la!

The dude to reflecting now falls,
 Tra-la-la!
And dodges his creditors' calls,
 Tra-la-la!
 "From moths, then, to save it"—
 Which seem so to crave it—
"Soaks" his overcoat at the "three balls,"
 Tra-la-la!

From all these cases we learn,
 Tra-la-la!
Not to get superheated and burn—
 Tra-la-la!
Over things which are fickle
And prickle or tickle,
But soon yield to matters more stern,
 Tra-la-la!

SOUNDS FROM THE NORMAL.

Bargains, bargains! Now's your chance!
Stationary cheap—job lot!
 Salaries low—
 Must live, you know—
Don't wait—rates may advance!

Paper, paper—twelve for a dime!
Elegant quality—white—
 Official cap—
 Beautiful wrap—
Be in time! Be in time! Be in time!

Pencils, pencils—six for five !
Rubber eraser thrown in !
Don't be a fool—
Buy at the school—
Be alive ! Be alive ! Be alive !

SENATOR PEFFER ON CONGRESSIONAL FUNERALS.

There's corruption in the land,
Vile offences !
The country cannot stand
Such expenses !
When I resume my seat,
I will expose this cheat !
I will ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

I'll stand up on the floor,
By Jehover !
And in eloquence I'll pour
The land over
Words, that shall the people tell,
Wickedness as black as hell ;
I will ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

If a Congressman should die
Of consumption,
Every member then would try—
What presumption !
To be sent home with the bier,
As a mourner to appear,
A mourner ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

Such anxiety would seem
Rather curious ;
Too much sorrow I should deem
Most injurious.

But if you should go along,
Mingling with the mourning throng.
Ah, hah! By my everlastin' whiskers!

You would see the reason why
Very plainly
These good men should wish to cry
So humanely ;
You would see them drink red wine ;
Smoke Havanas, extra fine ;
You would ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

You would see them, one and all
Very happy ;
Uncle Sam, they'd joke and call
"Fine old chappy,
(Hic) he gives a holiday ;
Never thinks to dock our pay."
That's so ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

Now I think it's time about
For me to stop it ;
So I'm goin' to speak right out
And squarely pop it
In the head. I'll keep no more
Silent on the Senate floor ;
I'll speak ! By my everlastin' whiskers !

ALL GREAT MEN HAVE THEIR APERS.

Ambition is a noble thing,
When from presumption freed ;
Spurred by its prick the soul doth spring
To act the bravest deed.
But Judgment, now put on thy frown ;
Ah, what an ass is he,
A little man, in a little town,
Who would a Parkhurst be !

CELESTIAL FARE.

'Twas in the church. A look of pain
Was on his brow He searched in vain
The deepest recess of his pants
A nickle there to find perchance.

His chum. his spirits then to cheer,
Poured words of comfort in his ear ;
And when the plate came to that pew
Put on a dime, and said, "For two !"

LEAP YEAR.

Old bachelor, bind on thy shield,
And hold it o'er thy heart,
Lest to Cupidian darts thou yield.
Cast with "new woman's" art !

In ninety-six, with grace unique,
Strange uniforms they don ;
Against poor man defenceless, meek,
They come with bloomers on !

A CHURCH STOUGH.

There was a bold preacher, who praught
Just what we have always thaught,
That the bread and the wine
Are no more divine
Than what the contribution box caught.

But ere he was half way through
With his doctrines strange and nough,
Many old heads dropped,
And wished him stopped,
Or sitting with them in the pough.

**EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON MARRIED APRIL
6TH, 1896.**

To-day she is a conqueror
And proudly thinks of when
At Washington she held her tongue
And slyly captured Ben

A year from now within her heart
The White-house clings, and then
With pensive sigh she murmurs low :
"Ah, me! it might have Ben!"

RECTOR POWELL'S EXPERIENCE.

Reverend Joe,
Of Findley, O.,
His own back proudly smote ;
Said he would show,
That he could go,
A foreigner, and vote.
No one demurred ;
He registered,
But ah, sad, sad, the tale !
A cop came in
And collared him,
And now he's out—on bail.

TWO WEEK'S AFTER.

I met my chum this morning
And was induced to say :
"How about those resolutions,
You made on New Years Day?"
He looked me in the optic
With a strange repentant cast :
"Those —hic—dam—resolutions?
Why—course—they're all—hic—passed!"

SHE KNEW.

There was a country parson,
Who got a call to preach
In a dandy city pulpit.
With pay clear out of reach.
He asked for time to carry
The case before the Lord,
To see if with His judgment
This luck was in accord.

Four weeks 'twas undecided,
But his wife was wise enough,
While he kept on a praying,
To pack up all the stuff.

THE NATION'S HOPE.

What laws the Senate makes
The House straightway casts out,
And those the House brings forth,
The Senate turns about.
Now while this thing goes on,
Though politicians chafe.
There's one thing pretty sure,
The country's mighty safe.

AN EPITAPH.

Too true a man, too noble he
To e'er consent, that sins of his
Borne by The Innocent should be,
That he might reap eternal bliss.
Nay, simple justice, his defense ;
Ill deeds, th' effect their punishment.
If good, a certain recompense
Earned by the acts—no blandishment.

EPITAPH.

Kind friend,

Why dost thou weep for me?

Think'st thou there is a heaven, a hell?

Assume the pose to trust

That I have reached the better place.

Think'st not?

Then from thy tears be free.

Though from the tend'rest, noblest heart they well,

They do but wet my dust,

And sadly plow thine own sweet face

TO A YOUNG LADY RAPIDLY GAINING IN AVOIR- DUPOIS.

Cease, my fairy, cease your eating,

Lest your system keep secreting

Fat, till not an arm be found

Long enough to wrap you round.

THE TRAMP'S CHOICE.

Said "Rolling Stone" to "No Moss,"

With stockings thin

And toes out :

"For me and you it's better, boss,

To be snowed in

Than froze out."

HE TOLD HER.

She stood upon the cable track.

And, womanlike, she turned her back

And hailed a boy she saw afar :

"Please tell me where I'll get the car?"

That urchin gave a final puff

Upon a stub just long enough.

And said : ' Unless you turn yer gear,

You'll prob'ly git it in the rear !'

THE HERO OF THE MOMENT.

“Stand back!” he shouted hoarsely
To the crowd, which filled the place;
“Stand back!” once more repeated.
As the veins swelled on his face.
And then he touched a lever,
And with a deaf’ning roar,
A ton of coal went thund’ring
Down through a cellar door.

HE ALWAYS HAD A CARRIAGE.

An easy time, you’d think,
Sir Henry had to roam:
His wife drove him to drink,
The cabman drove him home.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Grover Cleveland’s home once more,
Looking o’er his mail;
Hear the British lion roar,
As he wrings its tail!

NEXT.

These times are most perplexing
For bumptious Johnny Bull;
When Grover drops the lion’s tail,
Herr William takes a pull.

ALEXANDER BEATS THEM ALL.

Of all the twisters that do twist
The British lion’s tail,
The Czar of Russia hath the wrist
That doth the most avail.

IT DOTHS HER TEMPER RAISLE.

Said she, as she swept down the aisle:
“I think it is hardly worth whaisle,

To push such things through,
To work as we dough
To put our church right up in staisle,
And then let those poor sinners vaisle,
With breaths you can taste for a maisle,
Go into our pough
To sit there and chough;
I tell you, it just makes me baise!"

SENATOR MORRILL REPORTS THE FREE COIN- AGE AMENDMENT.

With trembling voice he said, 'Tis done!
A bill sent in, sixteen to one!
And let me add, in accents sad,
"May God save the commonwealth!"

IT'S ALL OVER THEN.

When letters burn filled full of love,
How hot the flame must be!
And, phœnix-like, two souls above
Rise from sweet bondage free!

THAT RESERVE.

The signs of the times seem to indicate,
That the J. Pierpont Morgan bank syndicate
Will look after the gold,
See the bonds are all sold,
And Uncle Sam's honor thus vindicate.

DEO GRATIAS.

Disconsolate and sad I sat—
'Twas at the play—when lo!
That thoughtful girl removed her hat!
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

BEHOLD THE CHANGE !

Our godly grandsires deemed it sin
Theatric halls to step within :
But now the church, in search of pelf,
Conducts the opera itself.

LOVE AT SIGHT.

Pretty maiden kicketh high,
Practicing delarte ;
Dudish fellow peeks close by.
Loseth little heart

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

We soon shall have a picture of
The heart of saint or sinner,
And inadvertently, perhaps,
His breakfast or his dinner.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL COUP D'ETAT.

The girls have been praying for "Bob,"
Of his pal the devil to rob ;
Though ever so clever
This Christian endeavor,
'Twill fail ; it's a very hard job !

THE DURHAM'S LAMENT.

Ah, once I browsed upon the hill,
The monarch of the farm !
I loved to fight, to gore, to kill—
No beast could do me harm.
I pawed the turf ; I bellowed low ;
E'en man I held in scorn ;
I could not find a worthy foe,

Who dared to brave my horn.
 The timid maidens, pallid, weak,
 Though I were scarce in sight,
 My name dared never even speak ;
 They fainted from pure fright.
 The dogs that worried my good wives
 By barking all day long,
 Ran off tails down, to save their lives,
 Whene'er they heard my song.
 When once upon yon neighboring plains
 That Jersey dared to say,
 That better blood flowed in his veins,
 Than ever came my way,
 I flung the fences left and right
 And at him—hot my breath—
 We had a lusty, noble fight ;
 I laid him low in death.
 Oh, those were days - most glorious days !
 Alas, 'tis all changed now !
 Along the pasture sad I graze
 With sore, despondent brow.
 They've robbed me of my crown, my horns !
 And e'en the barn-yard cock
 Crows proudly from his perch and scorns
 To count me 'mongst the stock.
 I'm but a mulley—weak—subdued—
 I could not scare a hen !
 They are so sly, so quick, so rude—
 Those base, hard-hearted men !

JUST BECOMING EVIDENT.

Now that fair maids to college go,
 And learn to fence and box and row,
 And exercise their muscle,
 Great force is added to their charms ;
 'Tis found they have a pair of arms,
 That make the dudelets hustle.

And since they also do essay
To romp at tennis blithe and gay,
And of the wheel are masters
It seems they have a pair of legs ;
We used to think they stood on pegs,
And rolled around on castors.

SOMEWHAT OTHERWISE.

“Do you use skirts upon your wheel,
When you go out to ride?”
“Oh, no ; upon my person, sir !”
The blushing maid replied.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

In stealth the years pass by ;
Come grey hairs one by one ;
To him 'tis all a lie,
These ‘sands of life, that run,’
He always feels a boy,
Knows not he's growing old ;
Each merry, youthful joy
Seems never to grow cold.
Till some old friend, mayhap,
Doth pat him on the back,
And says, “See here, old chap,
There's just one thing you lack !
Go find a nice young girl
And make her your sweet wife ;
With this domestic pearl
Enjoy the rest of life !”
He ponders it by day ;
He dreams of it by night ;
He wonders if 'twould pay,
And thinks perhaps it might ;

But still he sails right on
 In his lone skiff and trim,
 Until one day anon
 The girls go back on him.
 He learns to sew with zeal,
 And, if by some mischance
 He tumbles off his wheel,
 He can repair his pants.
 He a so learns to darn,
 And, as he sits and rocks,
 He takes a ball of yarn
 And mends his worn-out socks
 He's always prompt at meals,
 The first to take his seat.
 Each varying wind he feels,
 And every change of heat.
 He sees the married men
 All by themselves, in glee ;
 They smoke and drink, but when
 They must explain their spree—
 Why they were out all night ?
 And why their breaths smell so ?
 Alas, how sad their plight !
 They can't fool her, you know.
 He sees the sweet wives too
 In convocations meet ;
 They talk the houses blue,
 And sometimes e'en the street.
 They clamor for more rights ;
 They even want to vote ;
 They grace Nevada fights,
 Wear bloomers, vest and coat
 When home comes hubby dear
 And for his wife doth search,
 He's told she's gone to clear
 The plaster out the church.
 And when sweet slumbers fall
 Upon his soul and make

Oblivion of it all,
The babe has stomach-ache.
And so old bach, by day,
And in his dreams by night,
Keeps wondering, if 'twould pay,
And hardly thinks it might :
And so he sails right on
In his lone skiff and trim,
Until one day anon
The girls go back on him.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A boy sat on his cycle seat
And whizzed down by our place ;
High on his coasters were his feet ;
A smile enwrapt his face.
When forth there flew along the ground
A hen with terror thrilled,
And, midst revolving spokelets wound,
Both fowl and boy were killed !

MELON-COLIC TIMES.

The melon-colic days are come,
The saddest of the year,
The apple and the festive plum
Now throw you out of gear.
The cucumber gets in its work ;
Green corn is not behind ;
Sharp pains about your inwards lurk
Of every grade and kind.
The doctor rubs his hands in glee,
As he comes in your room ;
The undertaker smiles to see
His business prospect boom.
Beware, beware these days of woe !
Go light on early fruit !
It's just as wrong to suffer so,
As to go on a "toot."

THE LAUGHING, BLACK-EYED MAIDEN.

In a cozy little cottage, so happy and free,
Among the honeysuckles and the roses red,
Lives a laughing, black-eyed maiden, and all the world
to me

Seems to hover around her curly head !

All day long, amidst my toil, her voice I seem to
hear,

Spurring me to struggle 'gainst a hard, hard fate ;
'Tis the laughing, black-eyed maiden, that doth my
spirit cheer ;

She is waiting to greet me at the gate !

Her arms are soft as velvet; she folds them round my
neck ;

Her heart beats high with hope when near my own
it lies ;

Oh, all the pearls and diamonds that could her bosom
deck,

Would be nothing beside her sparkling eyes !

When she sees me coming, graceful as a bounding
deer

A down the road she runs, and says, "You are so
late !"

'Tis the laughing, black eyed maiden, that doth my
spirit cheer ;

She is waiting to greet me at the gate !

When at night my work is over, you'll find me always
there ;

We're planning how to get along when we are wed ;
Oh, the world would be so dreary with trouble and
care,

Were it not for that little curly head !

"Never mind," she says to me when e'er I'm filled with
fear ;

"Everything will come in time, and love can wait !"

'Tis the laughing, black eyed maiden, that doth my
spirit cheer ;

She is waiting to greet me at the gate !

Oh, if death should take this treasure away from earth
and me

I'd drift to wreck and ruin, like a helmless bark ;

For, what's the use of pulling against a heavy sea,

When no beacon is shining in the dark ?

Times are hard, and when I think upon the prospect
drear,

Rising in my heart there comes a dismal hate ;

But the laughing, black-eyed maiden, she doth my
spirit cheer ;

She is waiting to greet me at the gate !

AVERTED.

The coaching party neared the track ;

The train came rushing on ;

Dark clouds of smoke rolled from the stack ;

Each face was ghastly wan.

And as the cars dashed round the curve.

Brave Perry there on high

With steady and unruffled nerve

Just let the train go by !

CELEBRATING.

A Roman candle in his hand

The boy held proudly high ;

In graceful curves the air he fanned ;

The fire-balls pierced the sky.

And as the sparks fell in a shower

Upon his new necktie,

He upward gazed with ardent power,

And caught one in his eye.

DISAPPOINTING.

When from her lip
He fain would sip
 Love's sweet angelic dew,
How sad it is
To spoil her bliss ;
 The horrid fellow chews !

CAMERA OBSCURA.

She said: "Oh won't you show me how
 To get a focus?"
I drew her head beneath the cloth so close
 My cheek did brush her left eye-brow,
 A tender locus ;
And 'twixt us there a fervid love arose,
 Which never has cooled down, and now
 The people joke us.

THE OLD PIANO.

A youth, who dwelt within our vale,
 Fell heir to a piano,
With softened bass and mezzo scale,
 But rather harsh soprano.
 It was an ancient, staid machine,
 Which long had done its duty
In grinding out old airs serene
 With greater force than beauty
Long years had stretched its tensile strings,
 And thus, for lack of tuning,
Its voice no more in sweetness rings,
 But in discord is crooning.
So in a garret dark 'twas placed,
 Where rust and moths infest it;
And long-tailed rats each other raced
 Within it and abreast it.

At dead of night 'twas heard to groan,
 As mice tripped o'er its levers,
 Its lonely sorrow thus to moan,
 As patients do in fevers.
 At last some ladies who for aid
 Unto the church were banded,
 Upon the youth a sally made,
 And his heir-loom demanded:
 "Within their session-room 'twould stand,
 And there amidst their singing,
 Its keys touched by a gentle hand,
 Once more it would be ringing."
 Six men of muscle sweat and swear,
 As they bring down the treasure,
 And lug it to the house of prayer,
 "Where 'twould be tuned at leisure."
 But when the tuner skirmished round
 Among its wires and action,
 He said. "to make it true and sound
 Would cost ten and a fraction!"
 The sisters at each other gazed;
 Dismay filled every bosom;
 Though they the coins had lately raised,
 They could not bear to lose 'em.
 For long. long weeks in silence there
 Amidst each hymn pathetic
 The old piano had to bear
 Its heart-throbs sympathetic.
 For, though its strings were not in tune,
 They fain would keep vibrating,
 As birds sing back and forth in June,
 When they in pairs are mating.
 But in due time a brother's eye
 Upon its fine old casing
 Looked with such admiration high,
 His conscience needed bracing.
 With ruthless saw and cruel blade,
 As well as he was able,

He of the old piano made
A rustic dining table.
And not reflecting whence it came,
He sent an invitation
Unto the youth, the very same,
To attend its dedication.
And, seated at the new-made board,
He prayed for erring sinners,
And then from out his goodly hoard
Gave two or three their dinners.
But midst the meal the guileless youth
Kept up a quiet thinking.
And one impressive pungent truth
Deep in his soul was sinking :
When for some object you donate
A portion of your treasure,
Be sure the hoodle goeth straight .
To expedite the measure ;
For there are curious ways, in which
The agents deftly dock it,
And by some secret unseen switch
Turn it into their pocket.

HER PROTECTOR.

“Art not afraid,
My little maid,
To walk the streets at night?”
Says she: “Look there!”
And straight laid bare
A hat-pin 'fore his sight.

VESUVIAN CRUELTY.

The Spaniard lays him down to sleep ;
The wicked Yankee—drat him !
Steals slyly up to get a peep,
And hurl an earthquake at him,

IF YOU'D MAKE A MORTAL LOVE YOU,
SQUEEZE HIS HAND.

If by chance you meet a stranger, who has traveled far
away—

Far from home and friends and cherished father-
land.

And you long to give him comfort, brighten up his
dreary day,

If you'd make the stranger love you, squeeze his
hand.

Grasp it firmly ; press it warmly ; it is friendship's
closest band ;

If you'd make the stranger love you, squeeze his
hand.

If a little girl naively glances coyly in your eyes,

And beside you for a moment dares to stand ;

It is sympathy she's seeking, and sweet friendship will
arise,

If you'll draw her gently near and squeeze her hand.

Take it kindly ; press it softly ; it is friendship's
closest band ;

If you'd make the cherub love you, squeeze her
hand.

If you'r running for an office, and would like to get the
votes,

There are things, which men will certainly de-
mand ;

You must sprinkle out your money ; feed the lambs and
treat the goats ;

Take each one into your heart and squeeze his
hand.

Grasp it firmly ; shake it warmly ; let him feel just
where you stand ;

If you'd make a voter love you, squeeze his hand.

And, my friend, if you're a preacher, watching o'er
 your little flock,
 Gath'ring souls to swell the crowd on Heaven's
 strand,
 When your long discourse is over, don't forget the
 magic lock ;
 If you'd make a sister love you squeeze her hand.
 Grasp it firmly ; press it warmly ; let her feel just
 where you stand ;
 If you'd make a sister love you, squeeze her hand.

If upon a yielding sofa your best girl sits by your side—
 Oh, of course such things are never, never planned !
 You must edge up closer, closer, though she seems to
 blush and chide,
 Steal your arm around her waist and squeeze her
 hand.
 Take it gently ; press it warmly ; do not fear ; she'll
 understand ;
 If you'd make a maiden love you, squeeze her hand.

Oh, insinuating pressure, palm to palm against its
 mate !
 Warm as meads by equatorial breezes fanned !
 Thus it is the heart is signalled by the messages of fate ;
 If you'd make a mortal love you, squeeze his hand.
 Grasp it firmly ; press it warmly ; it is friendship's
 closest band ;
 If you'd make a mortal love you squeeze his hand.

MARCH.

There's a time between winter and spring,
 When scarcely a bird dares to sing,
 And nary a flower will bud ;
 And the days, as they pass along, bring,
 Seems to me, about only one thing,
 And that's a profusion of mud.

THE SOAPMAN.

Well, well, good people, here I am !
I'm in your little town !
Just list for a minute
And I'll prove that I'm in it ;
If I don't you may call me down—
If I don't you may call me down.
Cures for headache, toothache, bellyache ;
Such are the wares I hope
You will buy for a dime
Without wasting any time,
And I'll throw in a cake of my soap—
Yes, I'll throw in a cake of my soap !
Oh my, such soap ! See me lather now
This young kid's head—just see !
Hold still, my lad ;
Don't look so sad !
The lather will hang on a tree !
Yes, the lather will hang on a tree !
Come up here, boy, let me scour that tooth
With my own patent polish, so ;
I rub up and down
On the dirty old crown,
And you see, it is white as the snow !
Yes, you see, it is white as the snow !
If you're a married man, my friend,
You'll need my worm-cure soon ;
One dose in the night
Will fix'um all right,
And you'll sleep as calm as the moon—
Yes, you'll sleep as calm as the moon.
Cures for headache, toothache, bellyache ;
Such are the wares I hope
You will buy for a dime
Without wasting any time,
And I'll throw in a cake of my soap—
Yes, I'll throw in a cake of my soap !

MY LITTLE AUTOHARP.

I love you, oh, I love you, my little Autoharp!
Your voice is sympathetic; your tones are never
sharp.

Beneath my touch you tremble with a harmony complete,

So gentle, so charming, so sweet!

At evening, in summer, upon the quiet air.

Your music goes floating, a cadence rich and rare.

When, brain tired and weary,

I long for a rest,

When life seems all dreary,

A failure at best.

You feel for my sadness,

You soothe every pain,

And turn into gladness

Each sorrow again.

When a maiden for a fellow doth set her little cap,
She is wary, shy and timid for fear of some mishap;
Not so with you, my darling; I take you on my lap,
And often together we nap.

And, dreaming of sailing away off in the air.

Your music floats onward, a cadence rich and rare.

When light-souled and jolly,

I burst into song.

And brimfull of folly

The words dance along,

You join in with feeling

And gladly I hear

Your bright tones, revealing

A pleasure sincere.

When at last two lovers marry on a sunny day in
June,

The trouble then commences, to keep the wife in
tune:

Not so with you my darling, when I take my iron
key.

You are obedient and yielding to me.
And life goes a sailing, as birds fly in the air.
Your music keeps floating, a cadence rich and rare

And never complaining
So patient you are,
When sometimes in straining
I draw you too far,
And snap goes a heartstring !
Ah, sad, sad, the doom !
I lay down my darling
In sorrow and gloom !

I love you oh, I love you, my little Autoharp !
Your voice is sympathetic ; your tones are never sharp
Beneath my touch you tremble with a harmony complete,
So gentle, so charming, so sweet !

ROLLING.

I shall ne'er forget the day, when, rolling, rolling, roll-
ing,

We went rolling 'long the vale so soft and fair—
How we kept a chattering, chattering, and a laughing,
merry laughing,

Laughing forth the joy so full and rare !
How our hearts were wildly beating, beating, beating,
beating.

As we pedaled up the grades so steep and long—
And how your cheeks were blushing—such a radiant,
healthy blushing,

Blushing like the reddest rose of song !
In the glen so cool and shady how the water kept a
dripping—

Dripping from the rocks so old and gray—
And in the sunlight gleaming, like a string of diamonds
seeming,

As we lingered there, forgetful of the day !
Oh, in life how bright the moments, that go rolling,
rolling, rolling,

Rolling down the grade of sweet delight !
And to thee may they be legion, as you glide along the
valley—
Gliding, ever gliding free and light !

WINE.

Ah, treacherous, is the power it wields,
A silent influence round man's soul !
The scarlet cord, to which he yields,
May lead him midst aesthetic fields,
Or round him waves of ruin roll.

PROOF POSITIVE.

They were camping and had thrown off social fetters,
And a crimson badge she pinned right o'er his heart,
With a brush she painted on it golden letters,
While his timid frame gave many a nervous start.
For a moment there she seemed to fondly linger,
And he vowed his fluttering heart did surely stop ;
"Nay," she whispered, "neath my little resting finger
I can feel its thumping, palpitating hop !"

MCGREGORY'S RIDE.

McGregory staggered forth into the street ;
Afire was his brain and tangled his feet ;
With many a scuffle and tumble and reel
He lunged 'gainst the tree where rested his wheel.
He had come into town for a jolly good time ;
He had "blown through" his cash ; there was left
not a dime ;
His head was as big as the Washington dome,
And now he'd concluded to take a ride home.
He made a bold leap for the illusive seat,
And lit 'stride the bar ; in the air swung his feet.

He tried it again and with steadier nerve,
But the thing veered around in a cycloidal curve,
And landed him low with a dull, sick'ning thud
Upon his left hip in a puddle of mud.
In his pocket was hiding, against future thirst,
A bottle of whiskey ; misfortune the worst !
He struck square upon it, and all down his pants.
The liquor absorbing made rapid advance.
Once again to the mount he bravely came back,
And, catching the pedals he rolled down the track
The air appeared filled with goblins and devils,
All riding on wheels at various levels.
Like a turbulent sea the ground rose and fell,
And dark, dismal holes seemed to lead down to hell
His eyes from their sockets were ready to start,
And a sickness like death came over his heart.
Great beads of hot sweat oozed forth on his face,
As he pedaled away in his desperate race.
The house-doors flew open and people ran out
To follow his struggles with laughter and shout.
But to one it seemed sad, and her face was aghast.
As the wild, frantic rider whirled crookedly past ;
For he drew near the bridge and on the right side
No railing obstructed his satanic ride.
On, on, as if urged by a demon of hate,
Sped the man down the road to his terrible fate ;
And over the wall, with a smooth, gliding roll,
To God and eternity plunged his poor soul !
The dark, gurgling waters closed quietly o'er
The rider and steed, as if they would pour
A depth of oblivion over the wreck,
While mother and wife with babe on her neck
Gazed anxiously down from the platform above
To catch one last glimpse of her girlhood's rash love

“NEWS! LAST EDITION!”

In trying times, when nations poise
Upon the line 'twixt war and peace ;

When every unexpected noise,
That rises on the evening breeze,
Seems but the premonition dire
Of strife let loose in all its woe,
Ambition's lust and passion's fire,
That sweep to death both friend and foe ;
How leaps the heart with anxious beat,
When oft in clarion tones and clear
Amidst the murmur of the street
Rings out that cry upon the ear :
"News! Last edition!"

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Oh, bring out the horses, lads, and hitch them on the
sleigh!

Tell all the boys and girls, we'll take a ride today!
The sun shines bright ;
Its glistening light
Makes all the country gay ;
'Tis just the morn for us to go a sleighing!

Pull on your mittens, girls, and bundle up your ears ;
Jack Frost bites everything, that in the air appears!

Just tie on the sleigh-bells, boys, and don't forget the
whip ;

No nag shall lazy be ; we'll touch her on the hip.
Now girls jump in,
With dimpled chin,
With rosy cheek and lip,
'Tis just the morn for you to go a sleighing!

Sit snug and cozy, boys, don't let the girls get cold !
Now for a frolic, lads don't wait until you're old !

We'll stop off for dinner, boys ; we'll have a glass of wine !
Nothing so cheers the soul ; oh, nectar most divine !

Come, girls pile out
With merry shout ;
We're now about to dine ;
'Tis just the thing to do, when you go sleighing !

How now, my brother, your head begins to reel ?
Brace up and shortly much better you will feel !

Say take care you fellow, who manipulates the reins ;
Something's the matter with your usual steady brains ;
Hold on, my lad,
You drive like mad ;
You do not take the pains ;
'Tis not the way to do when you go sleighing !

Oh my, we're over ! we're in a big snow drift !
Who cares ! We're right again ; 'twas but a merry shift !

Oh, now boys we're home again and gathered round the
fire !
What's like a sleigh ride, girls, your spirits to inspire ?
Your cheeks aglow—
Your hearts beat so—
Your tongues do never tire ;
'Tis just the way it works, when you go sleigh-
ing !

Stir up the embers, boys, and pile on maple logs !
Roll in the big ones, lads, we'll fill those brazen dogs !

And now for a story, boys, beford we all must part !
Reel off a good one, lad, of Cupid's fatal dart !
The cherub sweet
We all will greet
With unprotected heart ;
'Tis just the way you feel, when you go sleigh-
ing !

THE QUILT.

Once, when I laid me down to sleep,
And drew the drapery snugly o'er,
The strangest scene did o'er me creep !
Like lapping waves upon a shore,
A crowd of faces seemed to raise
Themselves in lines from left to right.
Each for a moment paused to gaze
Then vanished quickly from my sight.
Old friends were there, and strangers too,
Sweet children, men and maidens fair ;
A wondrous panoramic view
Of life in all its joy and care !
I marveled, why this long display
Should pass before my slumb'ring eyes ;
And, when the welcome orb of day
Above the morning hills did rise,
Around the room in doubt I crept,
To find whereof the dream was built ;
I found it ; for that night I slept
Beneath an autographic quilt !

TURN ABOUT.

What cares a girl of fashion,
That some bright bird must die
To satisfy her passion
And catch her lover's eye ?
The plumes, now gayly jaunted
'Fore men with dext'rous art,
By male birds once were flaunted
To win a female's heart.

GOD OF NATURE.

God of Nature, speaking in the thunder !
In thy truth we firmly trust !
To thy voice we calmly list in wonder,
Strong in faith, that Thou art just !

How we strive to probe thy myst'ry—
Ponder long upon thy ways—
Delve in rocks for deepest hist'ry
Writ before man's days!

God of Nature! In the mighty ocean,
As it beats against the shore,
We behold profoundest laws of motion,
And thy power supreme adore!
Full of myst'ry to repletion,
Of the wondrous deep unknown,
Life rolls onward toward completion,
Toward a goal its own.

God of Nature! In the evolution
Of the heavens we see thy might!
May at last the unobscured solution
Clearly rise before our sight!
Slow evolving into union,
One grand comprehensive whole,
Nature binds in sweet communion
All in one great soul.

THE CAT.

Oh, the cat, the wonderful cat!
The cat that cau walk a rail!
So poor and thin,
You can look within
And see why he's so pale!
He moves about,
Meandering out,
When William pulls his tail;
Knocks over a chair
And fills all the air
With fur as black as a nail.
Hear him singing
In the soft and quiet night,

Sweet voice ringing,
 Calling thus afar.
 Hark ! he's bringing
 Harbinger of coming fight,
 While he's clinging
 To that narrow bar.
 Oh, the cat, most singular cat !
 The cat with a standing tail !
 He carries it firm,
 As straight as a worm,
 Just like a furl-ed sail !
 He's Lulu's pride
 And close by her side
 He'll weather every gale ;
 He'll never be killed
 By youths unskilled,
 To catch him they will fail.
 Oh, the rat, the sleek little rat !
 The rat with the shining eye !
 His nose so cute,
 His tiny foot
 So light, so quick, so shy !
 He skips out his hole,
 Runs over the coal
 With expectation high ;
 'Tis his last "bum,"
 His hour has come ;
 He's now about to die.
 See him chewing
 Bread and cheese and pie and hash ;
 Danger's brewing
 He'll soon be in its grip.
 Hear that mewing,
 You little fool you are too rash !
 Up and doing !
 Dust yourself and skip !
 Oh, the cat takes after that rat
 All over the kitchen floor,

While Lulu screams,
And Mina beams,
And Fannie shuts the door.
Remarkable cat, he captures that rat
Amidst the great uproar ;
He's not so thin,
Now the rat's within,
But he looks around for more.

I LOVE TO GO OUT BAREFOOT!

I love to go out barefoot,
When the road is wet and muddy,
And paddle, and paddle in a puddle so gay !
I just pull off my stockings,
Throw them down in Papa's study,
And paddle, and paddle all day !
When the rain comes pouring down in showers,
Rushing 'long the road in streams so nice and cool,
Then I sit and watch for long, long hours,
See it filling up my little darling pool.
Sometimes Mamma calls me to come in and leave it,
And pull on my stockings, just like a great big girl ;
Its awful hard to mind her, although you won't believe
it ;
It's such fun to paddle and make the water whirl !
In the bright and sunny August day,
When the road is filled all full of nice warm dust,
How I'd like to go out there and play !
But I stay inside, 'cause Mamma says I must.
I get my toes so dirty, they look like the dickens,
And Mamma points at them and says :
"Aint you ashamed ?
You better go tomorrow and live with the chickens ;
Oh, dear me ! I wonder when I shall get you tamed !"
Some day I'll grow big, and then I s'pose,
I'll be quite a lady in my fine long train ;
Never speak of stockings, only hose,

Never watch the puddles filling up with rain.
I don't see why big girls can't frolic and caper,
And take off their stockings just as they used to do?
They act as though they're made of brown sugar and
paper,
And dare not bend over for fear they'll break in two!
Oh, why don't they go barefoot,
When the road is wet and muddy,
And paddle, and paddle in a puddle so gay?
And just pull off their stockings,
Throw them down in Papa's study,
And paddle, and paddle all day?

THE DIVER.

In Baltimore News, March 4, 1898, while the divers
were at work on U. S. cruiser, Maine.

A dismal life of danger mine
Down in the dark and murky brine,
Amidst the wrecks of foundered barks,
Watched by the hungry eye of sharks.
I wander round a warship's keel
Through netted mass of riven steel,
Bent iron, shattered gratings, coal,
And upturned hatches; death's patrol,
'Mongst monster guns, whose voice no more
Shall bellow forth to foes on shore,
'Midst mazy nets of wandering wires,
To gaze upon extinguished fires;
And, while my eye in silence gloats,
A grewsome corpse before me floats;
Oh, horror! Should the slender thread,
That joins me with sweet life o'erhead,
Be but entangled 'midst it all,
This diver's suit would be my pall!
Of canvas strong and rubber built,
To turn the sea and slimy silt;

Socks, trousers, shirt, in one are made,
And shoes with soles of iron weighed ;
About my head a metal helm—
A knight, indeed, of Neptune's realm !
One window round before the face
Invites the light within my case.
Upon my belt hang weights of lead
To sink me down among the dead,
A hatchet and a two-edged knife
To chop the ship and guard my life.
Upon a friend I trust for air ;
My life hangs on his watchful care.
When all's prepared, I backward creep
And slowly drop into the deep.
With painful pressure now the blood
Pours toward my brain, a rushing flood,
I cannot think, and in my ears
A buzzing roar fills me with fears.
If heart should fail or artery
Should burst its wall, a corpse I'd be.
My memory flags, and what I find
Must on a slate be plainly lined.
All, all is quiet ; not a breath
Disturbs this awful home of death.
And here I prow! in constant fear
That something dreadful will appear.
Time seems to fly, and ere I know,
I'm drawn above, whale-like to blow.
And o'er it all there rests the thought
That full of weal my work is fraught ;
For on the sights, which I behold,
The fate of nations may be told.
Oh ! happy he who from his home
With all its joys need never roam ;
Who there with daughters, sons and wife
In blessed sunshine spends his life !
Ah ! mothers, sisters, pray for me,
The lonely diver 'neath the sea !

AMERICA FOREVER.

Fling out the stars and stripes to heaven's blue sky !
And all hail in glee
The flag of the free !
Go fire the cannons ; let their voices defy
The foes of our land, where'er they be !
Once at Boston there was trouble
Over taxes upon tea ;
But our fathers burst the bubble,
Pitched it over in the sea.
Build high the bonfires ; let the flames mount above !
With hot glaring light
Illumine the night !
Let all the world behold how dearly we love
Our country, our freedom and the right !
Once we made a declaration
From our Mother we would part ;
Be ourselves a separate nation ;
And it almost broke her heart !
Rejoice ye sons of toil and freedom proclaim !
With trumpet and song
The chorus prolong ;
Sound forth the praises of that high honorable name
Recorded against our country's wrong !
When at Yorktown Lord Cornwallis
Thought a kingdom he could forge,
Paid he dearly for his follies,
Passed his sword right o'er to George.
United now in firmest compact we stand ;
In union profound
Forever we're bound
To fight beneath one flag for one common land
And justice uphold the world around.

OUR BOY.

Just bubbling o'er with fun,
He is our only son ;

His life has scarce begun
With all its childish art ;
Our darling little boy,
Pure gold without alloy,
He fills our home with joy,
The treasure of our heart !

At night upon his bed
I lay his curly head
And kiss the cherries red
Beneath his chubby nose ;
And on the morning skies
He opes his wond'ring eyes
With such naive surprise,
My heart with joy o'erflows.

Not long ago, forsooth,
He cut his maiden tooth ;
It hardly seemed the truth
To my most doubtful mind ;
But when the cherub cried,
And I the tooth espied,
It was my greatest pride,
The first of all its kind.

To curl his golden hair
Gives me a pleasure rare ;
Not one of them to spare.
Those ringlets flowing down !
His father wants them cut,
And like a cocoanut
Would have him looking, but
I shake my head and frown.

I dread the awful day,
When Papa dear shall say,
In his determined way,
"The boy must put on pants !"

So, while I have him yet
In Mamma's little net
I'll keep my darling pet,
Erelong he'll fly, perchance.

Now when he gets his boots,
A horn on which he toots
Or gun with which he shoots,
My peace on earth is o'er ;
For so it goes with boys ;
They always take to toys
That make the biggest noise ;
They love the cannon's roar !

AN ORTHODOX METHOD.

On Sunday morn to preach and pray ;
On other days to pitch on hay ;
This is the most effective way
To make a pastor earn his pay.

THE CIRCUS.

When the circus comes into town
With its donkey and laughing clown,
All the people come pouring down
Upon one object bent ;
Buxom women with babies go,
Dandy fellows with girls in tow,
Everybody must see the show
Beneath the monster tent.

Early morning along the road
Roll the wagons with pond'rous load,
Poles and canvas away are stowed
Each in its proper place.
Rousing out of a troubled sleep,
Down to labor the tent-men creep,
Up like magic it seems to leap,
The tent in conic grace.

Lord and lady and working maid,
All go out to the street parade ;
Every duty aside is laid,
 Until the show goes by.
Then the children begin to tease :
"Mayn't we go to the circus, please ?"
Give their parents no further ease,
 Till they at last comply.

Now projected against the sky
A scarlet figure invites the eye ;
O'er the canvas he walks on high
 With nerve that knows not fear.
Noisy fakirs set up their yell—
Din walpurgis, a modern hell—
What they're saying, no one can tell ;
 They scream it in your ear.

I know people with faces long,
Who'll not witness a dance or song ;
"All such things are entirely wrong ;
 They interfere with prayer."
But when seated around the ring,
To hear that comical fellow sing,
Surely this is a different thing ;
 For all these saints are there.

Hark, the music begins to sound !
See the horses go round and round !
On them leaping with graceful bound,
 The skillful riders poise.
O'er the banners with lithesome leap,
While the music grows rich and deep,
Feats of daring that make you creep,
 Amidst a crash of noise.

Nimble then on a carpet spread
Boys athletic go heels o'er head ;
Form most graceful to skill is wed
 In curves of finest art.

High above on the wild trapeze
Swing two brothers with careless ease—
Take such chances your blood will freeze,
As through the air they dart.

Stern ring master with crack of whip
Scolds the clown for his saucy lip,
Who, triumphant, a worthy ship,
Doth always keep afloat ;
Tells his stories with droll grimace,
Broadly spreading athwart his face ;
But withal there's a certain grace
You cannot fail to note.

When at last all the scenes are o'er,
Outward pressing the people pour,
Tired and sleepy, but wishing more,
They slowly seek their home.
Alive and active, the tent-men now ;
Low submissive the great poles bow ;
Down they come, you can scarce tell how,
And on the wand'ers roam.

Though the circus has gone away,
In the hearts of the boys 'twill stay ;
Tricks they'll practice for many a day,
Each risky venture brave.
Everyone will an expert be,
When from teacher and father free,
Forth he'll go and the great world see,
No longer be a slave.

When the circus goes out of town,
With its donkey and laughing clown,
All the people then settle down
To their accustomed ways ;
Finding fault with a neighbor's life,
Telling stories about his wife,
Taking part in each social strife
Until the end of days.

CUPID STILL HITS THE BULLSEYE.

They say that I am out of date,
That my old bow has lost its aim ;
But midst the skirmishing of Fate
I get my shot in just the same.

THE MODERN MARGUERITE.

Time was, when Mephistopheles
Into the cell of Faustus stopt,
Within whose soul by slow degrees
All passions dying calmly slept,
And, flashing 'fore his wond'ring ken
A magic maid surpassing fair,
Awoke the fire of love again,
Which long had faintly smouldered there.

But now, no need of devil's spell ;
The maid herself in cap and gown
Invades the walls of Faustus' cell
And with the Doctor sits her down.

JONAH.

Oh, down to a city on the coast of the sea
Went Jonah—went Jonah !
Away from the presence of the Lord he would flee.
This Jonah—false Jonah,
A ship did ride at anchor there,
A rocking in the bay ;
And Jonah paid his little fare,
And sailed away ;
But lo ! a wind with awful might
Did blow that day ;
And down below and out of sight
Went Jonah.

“Ahoy !” says the captain, “go find that man,
That Jonah—base Jonah !

Let him cry to his god for help, if he can ;
Bring Jonah—fetch Jonah !”
They found him lying wrapt in dreams.
Down in the old ship’s sides ;
The raging tempest creaked her beams,
But still she rides,
“What man is this,” in wrath they swear,
“Who skulks and hides ?”
And up they drag him by the hair—
Poor Jonah !

“And now let the Heavens twixt us decide
And Jonah—this Jonah !
Who knows but the man hath the gods defied ?
This Jonah—strange Jonah ?”
They then drew lots in silent awe—
The waves roll high—
And Jonah drew the fatal straw,
And so must die.
They pitched him over in the sea,
And then the sky
From every dismal cloud was free—
Strange Jonah !

And down to the bottom of the deep blue sea
Went Jonah—this Jonah !
And the fishes all wondered, what he might be
This Jonah—strange Jonah ?
But one big fish, the king of all,
Seemed full of play ;
He kept an eye on Jonah’s fall,
And swam that way ;
He watched his chance, as Jonah sunk
Right where he lay ;
He oped his mouth, and in, keplunk,
Went Jonah !
So down in the belly of a monster fish
Went Jonah—poor Jonah !

But, alas ! a most indigestible dish
Was Jonah—this Jonah ;
 He thrashed about within his cell ;
 Began to pound and kick ;
 He prayed to God from out his hell ;
 The fish took sick,
And swam ashore in greatest fright
 At this base trick,
And heaved and heaved with all his might
 Up Jonah.

OCTOBER.

Hear the apples dropping,
In the orchard dropping,
 Big ones, ripe ones, red and white !
Oh, how sweet and juicy,
By the fairies flavored,
 Fairies dancing in the light.
How I love to sit and
Hear them dropping, dropping,
 To their velvet couch upon the ground ;
But a strange depressing
Sadness comes upon me,
 Touching secret depths profound !
Now the leaves are falling,
Autumn leaves are falling,
 Softly, gently, one by one ;
Beauteous tints upon them
By the fairies painted,
 Fairies dancing in the sun.
But how sad to think that,
When the leaves are falling,
 'Tis a sign that winter draweth nigh ;
Oh, the cold and dismal,
Dreary, dreary winter,
 When bleak winds through forests sigh !
Mellow apples dropping,

Leaves of autumn falling,
Peaches blushing by the door,
Grapes to purple turning,
Pumpkins yellow growing,
All are saying "summer's o'er."
But amidst this rip'ning
Of the fruits of autumn,
Comes that painful sinking of the heart—
Comes that dread suggestion
Of the scenes that try us,
When from loving friends we part.

HEARTS.

"Let's have a game of hearts!" she said;
"It is a jolly tilt of fate!"
And as in doubt I shook my head:
"Oh! you can learn it, while you wait!"
She filled my tricks with hearts galore;
I raked the table o'er and o'er;
Ace, king and queen, the wily knave,
With sweetest smiles she freely gave;
But one proved to secluded be;
The heart I sought eluded me.

MEMORIES OF YOUTH.

Oh, the memories of youth!
How they flood upon the soul!
How we delved for hidden truth,
As the miners do for coal!
And from all those dear old times
Nothing to our spirit chimes
Such sweet music as the fellowship of friends.
Then here's to the friends of our youth!
And here's to our loved fraternity!
Like a willful, wayward child
Let good cheer to-night run wild!
Sing, and banish thought of weird eternity!

Would you make your life a joy ?
 Fill your youth with cheerful thought ;
 While a boy, just be a boy ;
 Age comes soon with trouble fraught.
 Then midst all the care and pain
 You will find 'twas not in vain ;
 For you'll live in those sweet memories of youth.
 There are men, who strive for wealth ;
 There are those, who seek for fame ;
 But a rosy, blooming health
 Is far better than a name
 And, when drawing near life's goal,
 There is nothing to the soul
 Half so bright as those sweet memories of youth.
 Then here's to the friends of our youth !
 And here's to our loved fraternity !
 Like a willful, wayward child
 Let good cheer to night run wild !
 Sing, and banish thought of weird eternity !

REFLECTIONS.

(Heinrich Von Muehler, 1842. Translated from the German.)

Bar-room's gittin' hot ; guess I'll jest step out.
 Hello ! see the sidewalk floatin' about !
 Up street—hic—down street—left side—hic—right—
 Looks awful foggy ; street must be tight !
 See the old moon there—face all askew !
 One eye is open—t'other's shut to !
 Old chap'll be drunk soon—bad—hic—too bad !
 Ought a be shamed himself—wife'll be mad !
 Look at the lamp-post ; he's on a toot !
 He can't stand up straight—hic—lost one boot !
 Everything's swimmin' round this way and that ;
 Things are all drunk, I guess, drunk as a bat.
 'Seems I'm the only sober one about ;
 Better go back, I guess—dangerous out.
 Open the door there ! open the door !
 I've seen 'nough this—want one drink more !

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

When blustering winds of winter
Howl wildly round our homes
And snow piles o'er the fences
In white and drifting domes ;
When creaks the lonely cutter,
That now and then appears,
And hid in furry mufflers
Each traveler rubs his ears ;
'Tis then we draw up nearer
The fire's inviting blaze,
And dream of distant pleasures
In summer's balmy days ;
Of idling by some lakelet
Arched o'er by cloudless sky,
Around a vine-clad cottage
With loved companions nigh ;
Where, basking in the sunshine,
Or splashing in the spray,
We cast aside all trouble
And have our own sweet way ;
We frolic with the children,
Grow blithe and young again—
Forget that we are mothers
Or roughly bearded men.
With song and rippling laughter
The hours flit lightly by,
And naught but mere existence
The soul doth occupy.
What gorgeous golden sunsets !
How rich the wavy sheen !
And e'en the streaked aurora
Darts forth to grace the scene
At evening in the moonlight
The boats glide smoothly out,
And back across the water
Rings many a happy shout.

The air is sweetly tintured
 With scent of trees and flowers,
 And all the world seems yielding
 To Cupid's mystic powers.
 Is't strange, that midst this beauty
 Below, around, above,
 That here and there a couple
 Are touched with thoughts of love?
 Oh, that in life forever
 The days might idle be!
 One blissful long vacation!
 One blest nonentity!
 And so we sit there dreaming
 Of pictures we have seen,
 When birds sang in the heavens,
 And all the hills were green;
 Then whirr! there comes a moaning—
 We wake, and gape—aho!
 Pull on our coat and mittens,
 Go out, and shovel snow.

“HIT HER ALONG” FOR OLD CORNELL.

When beneath a cloudless heaven
 Rides our shell so light and graceful,
 Darting like an Indian's arrow
 Through the waters blue.
 Then we love to hear resounding
 O'er the waves from old Cornellians
 Voices cheering on the oarsmen
 Sturdy, firm, and true:
 Row, boys, hit her along; just make her spin!
 Pull, boys, pull for your life; for we must win!
 Row, boys, hit her along; make each stroke tell!
 Hit her along! Hit her along!
 Hit her for old Cornell.

There is something in our method,
 In the way we hit the water,

In our dip and our recover,
Hard to understand ;
'Tis the stroke we learned from Ostrom
Passed from vict'ry on to vict'ry
And perfected now by Courtney,
Captures all the land.

Oh, those days at Saratoga,
When we met the whole "caboodle,"
Thirteen boats—all off together—
'Twas a glorious sight !
One by one they fell behind us
In a long and sad procession,
And the crew, that crossed a winner,
Was the red and white !

At Poughkeepsie and New London
When we rowed with Yale and Harvard,
When they said, that they outclassed us
And would race alone ;
How we chuckled as we left them,
Pulling hard for second honors—
Way behind—we could not see them—
'Tis a style our own !

And at midnight midst our slumbers,
When the race is safely over,
When we're dreaming of the struggle,
Pulling still upon the deep ;
Come once more those cheering voices,
Rising, sinking, gently floating,
As if wafted on the billows,
Welcome even in our sleep :
Row, boys, hit her along ; just make her spin !
Pull, boys, pull for your life ; for we must win !
Row, boys, hit her along ; make each stroke tell !
Hit her along ! Hit her along !
Hit her for old Cornell !

THE OLD FIFER.

He stood before the beer saloon,
His coat was worn and old ;
His wrinkled face and reddened eyes
A tale of sadness told.

Near by were two old comrades dear,
And, as men often do,
They turned to mem'ries of the war—
Those days of sixty-two.

“You used to fife for us,” said one ;
“And I remember well
How clear the tones came pealing out
O'er plain and wood and dell.

But that's all passed ; you can't play now ;
You've lost your lip and skill ;
Ah, well ! it won't be very long
Before we'll all be still !”

The tears crept down the old man's cheek ;
But with determined air
He drew from out his ragged coat
A flute he carried there.

'Twas made of tin, and easy blown—
Not like his ancient fife—
It was the old man's last resort,
The solace of his life.

With trembling hand and falt'ring breath,
And cadence far from true,
He struck once more those martial airs,
That cheered the boys in blue.

The busy crowd went jostling by
With cold contracted brow ;
“He's drunk himself to death,” they said ;
“He's getting childish now.”

GOOD-BYE.

Translated from the German of Fr. Silcher, 1827.

Shortly I must go from here
And my good-bye breathe you ;
Oh you little, sweetest dear,
'Breaks my heart to leave you.
Ah, I love you ever true
More than can be known to you ;
Must I lose my treasure ?
Must I lose my treasure ?

When two loving friends there are
Fit for one another,
Weep ye moon and twinkling star,
When they leave each other !
But far greater is the smart,
When a well beloved heart
Goes away forever.
Goes away forever,

If a little zephyr fine
Kiss your cheek or finger,
Think it is a sigh of mine
Longing there to linger ;
Thousands will I daily send,
While my weary course I wend
Back to thee they'll wander,
Back to thee they'll wander.

WATCHING.

Oh what feelings flood upon us,
When we're watching !
In the lonely hours of midnight,
While a friend in troubled slumber
Finds a brief and welcome respite
From his suffering !

All our thoughts are pessimistic,
When we're watching ;
As we hear the labored breathing,
See the face with pain distorted,
Watch the nervous starts and twitchings
Of the patient

O'er the soul come doubts and questions,
When we're watching ;
How can God be just and loving,
When upon his helpless creatures
Fall such strokes of deepest misery,
None escaping ?

How we long for light and morning,
When we're watching !
Listening to the solemn ticking
Of the clock upon the mantel,
While the hands go slowly creeping
Round the dial.

Every sound seems so tremendous,
When we're watching !
Blinds and shutters roughly rattling,
Timbers creaking in the framework,
Winds, that moan so strangely human,
Round the building !

Welcome are those drowsy moments,
When we're watching ;
As the light begins to strengthen,
And the suff'rer sleeps more deeply,
Sinks the watcher also partly
Into dreamland.

Oh how leaps the heart with gladness,
When we're watching ;
If the crises passes over,
And the loved one wakes triumphant,
Smiling with new hope and promise
From the fever !

But perchance the angel summons
While we're watching ;
Suddenly there comes a gasping,
One last struggling, quivering effort
To remain among the living—
Then it's over.

IN MEMORY OF TRIM.

By His Mate.

Old Trim is dead ! I'm left alone,
To jog my weary way
Adown the few remaining years,[']
Before my fatal day.
We've pulled together, Trim and I,
We've shared, what fate might give ;
And, now that he's not by my side,
I hardly care to live.
He fell down in his traces, aye,
Death found him at his work ;
Old Trim was not a horse to shy,
Or from a duty shirk.
We ploughed the soil ; we reapt the grain ;
And 'fore the wheels we drew
The rumbling coach, and never winced,
When whip lash o'er us flew ;
'Twas for the frisky leaders' flanks,
Who pranced around too free ;
Such foolish sport and punishment
Were not for Trim and me.
'Twas ours to draw the heavy loads,
Be steady, firm, and true ;
But woe to any barking cur,
That came nigh Old Trim's shoe !
When trotting 'long the winding road,
If distant whistle blew,
Old Trim would stop ; he knew it was
The proper thing to do.

And, if his harness was amiss,
He'd let our Perry know,
And have it put to rights at once ;
He'd never let it go.
But Trim is dead ! His welcome neigh,
On my expectant ear
Which came of yore with morning sun,
No longer I shall hear.
Ah, well ! so 'tis with all the earth !
To live and die we're born ;
Night follows noon, as it in turn
Comes jogging after morn !

BLACK-BERRYING.

Two merry people one fine morn
A-berrying did go ;
He was a bachelor forlorn,
And she was somewhat so ;
They wandered into distant fields,
They clambered nigh to heaven ;
But from the wealth which Nature yields,
Their total find was seven.

Through brambles, fences, over logs,
They pushed their painful way,
'Long dusty roads and treach'rous bogs
They tramped the livelong day ;
And, though there was a scanty find
Upon the shining tin,
A luscious fruit of sweeter kind
Did fill their souls within.

How often in this life of ours
We struggle for a prize,
Which seems to baffle all our powers
And vanish 'fore our eyes ;

And while we chase this phantom car,
Dazed by its magic charms,
Another boon more worthy far
Falls plump into our arms!

SWINGING.

Swinging, swinging in her little hammock,
Rocking, rolling all the blissful day,
Lies a brighteyed, laughing little maiden,
Careless of the parts she may display.
Strolling, strolling comes a handsome fellow,
Gazing idly both to left and right,
Stops and, while his heart goes wildly beating,
Stands enraptured with the pretty sight.

When she sees him, up she sits and blushing,
Tries to look so very nice and prim—
Says she did not know that he was coming—
Never had a single thought of him.
Then he comes and sits right down beside her,
And they try in vain to keep apart;
But somehow the hammock won't allow it—
Seems to have designs upon her heart.
Swinging, swinging in their little hammock,
Rocking, rolling all the blissful day,
Sit two happy laughing little people,
Careful of the parts they may display.

Slipping, sliding down they come together,
While the birds are singing up above;
There they talk so low and confidential,
People say "It is a case of love."
But once more the stroller goes a strolling—
Leaves the maid to wait and watch at home—
Far away across the mighty ocean
Goes abroad in distant lands to roam.

Once more swinging in her little hammock,
Rocking, rolling all the blissful day,
Lies that bright eyed laughing little maiden,
Careless of the parts she may display.

TO MY FATHER.

My memory now goes back to thee,
When dandled on thy loving knee,
You taught my weak uncertain voice
'Mongst wand'ring notes to make a choice.
In all my sports your interest deep,
Down to my years-made willing leap.
And, when from virtue's arduous track
I wandered off, you drew me back.
At school I felt your sympathy ;
You solved with me my x, y, z ;
Dared I the metric muse essay,
To thee each effort found its way ;
And, when with pencil I did try
To master art, 'twas for thine eye.
Once dread Diphtheria's throttling hand
Upon my life made stern demand ;
By night and day you watched each breath,
And warded off the stroke of death.
At last from home I sallied forth,
And still could feel thy sterling worth ;
In weekly letters we communed,
Two hearts in close accordance tuned.
How oft we've shook the parting hand,
With transient grief been nigh unmanned !
But ever midst the prickling pain
Did rest the hope, we'd meet again.
As years passed on we came to feel
Like brothers joined in common weal ;
United we have lived in thought
And shared the joys which life has brought.
The care a father gives a son
Should be repaid ere life is done ;

A fugo movement rules the song ;
Things are reversed ; the weak is strong.
'Tis now my one desire to be
A comfort and a prop to thee.
'Oh, may thy last declining years
Be full of gladness, free from tears !
Life's rounded, ripe, victorious goal,
Crowned with a silver aureole !

CUBA.

Scene ; Justicia's Court. Time : March, 1898. Justicia
enthroned ; Cuba ; Hispania ; Columbia ; Europa.

JUSTICIA.

Scarce ceased the battle's fearful groan
Upon the tropic shores of Crete,
When from the west its dismal tone
Comes forth again my ear to greet.
The Queen of Carib's lovely isles
Doth seek my court with suppliant plea,
And in the distance long defiles
Of marching soldiery I see.
Oh, why will men forever seek
To bathe the earth in crimson flood ?
Low bestial vengeance strive to wreak,
And quench their hate in draughts of blood ?

CUBA.

Have pity, Goddess, on my fate !
I cry to thee in deep distress !
Oh, listen, while I now relate,
How hard the gods do me oppress !
Across the sea there dwells a maid,
Who years ago sent from her doors
Proud ships, which favoring winds obeyed,
And anchored on my coral shores.
She sent them o'er in search of gold,
Manned by a bold and heartless crew ;
My men their front could not uphold
Against volcanic weapons new.

Our isle she seized, and there encamped,
And ever since her iron heel
Upon our cringing bodies stamped
In daily agony we feel.
Time and again we have rebelled
Against this tyranny so base ;
But with most cruel force she held
My people down, a hopeless race.
Now seems to dawn a brighter day !
Oh, Goddess, listen to my plea !
Before thy throne I humbly pray,
Make thou our bleeding country free !

JUSTICIA.

My heart to pity is not prone ;
Tis mine to weigh and not to feel ;
Still in my soul a cord doth moan
In sympathy with thine appeal.

HISPANIA.

Fair Goddess, I do thee beseech
Thy judgment briefly to suspend,
And to my plain and concise speech
With willing ear in grace attend.
A savage race these Cubans are
Of color dark and ways uncouth ;
They love to plunge their land in war
And lead to death our Spanish youth.
We found this isle uncultured, wild ;
We made it blossom like the rose ;
We've nursed it as a cherished child,
And held it safe against all foes
We now propose to try at last
Autonomy, a form most fair
Of government, which in the past
To offer her we did not dare.
A congress they themselves elect ;
We will the governor appoint ;

With veto power he may reject ;
A law will need both powers conjoint.
Now this the Cubans would accept,
Had not an intermeddler bland
Into the matter slyly crept,
With hungry eye upon the land.
She sails her fleet in neighboring seas ;
Within Havana's very sight
She flings her banners to the breeze,
And thus prolongs the wasting fight.

JUSTICIA.

Thy words indeed are fraught with sense ;
'Twere well to give thee ample time ;
These social movements so immense
Are slow, like heavenly powers sublime.

COLUMBIA.

Hear me, O Goddess, then decide !
This strife has dragged along for years ;
A hundred thousand souls have died
And no reform as yet appears.
A fruitful island desolate,
The people idle, starving all,
As though the cursed hand of fate
Had settled o'er it like a pall.
Two hundred of my sea men brave
Who served upon the good ship Maine
Have met their death beneath the wave
To satisfy this greed of Spain.
On hilt of sword now rests my hand
With firm resolve that this shall cease ;
Humanity is my demand,
Though much I love continued peace.

JUSTICIA.

The even balance of my mind
Swings now toward interfering war ;
Severity is oft more kind
Than leniency, which goes too far.



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EUROPA.

Oh, Goddess hold—a moment pause!
I hear the conflagration's sound,
That from this first igniting cause
Will sweep the whole great world around!
The nations with a jealous eye
Each other watch, alert and proud;
Old China seems about to die;
Upon her coasts the war-ships crowd.
Break not the equilibrium fine.
That swings so gently now for weal;
Pen not the war-declaring line;
Some other remedy reveal.

JUSTICIA.

Ah, yes; though intricate the net
Of interests in these great affairs,
We'll find a just solution yet,
If each herself in honor bears.

CUBA.

I must be free; naught else will do!

HISPANIA.

Nay, Cuba I must still retain!

EUROPA.

Spain pays our bonds, and coupons too!

COLUMBIA.

And satisfaction for the Maine!

JUSTICIA.

Alas! I fear the problem deep
Grows far too dense for me to solve;
My judgment in reserve I'll keep;
Meanwhile th' events themselves evolve,
Unto a higher court appeal,
Where slowly all the facts shall be
Examined with exhaustive zeal,
The court of Time and Destiny.

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